



SOPHIA V. GILBERT.

Lee, Sophia V. Gilbert

WAYSIDE ECHOES.

POEMS

PHIA V GILBERT.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
JAM BRUCE,
STREET WEST, TORONTO,
1884.



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BY

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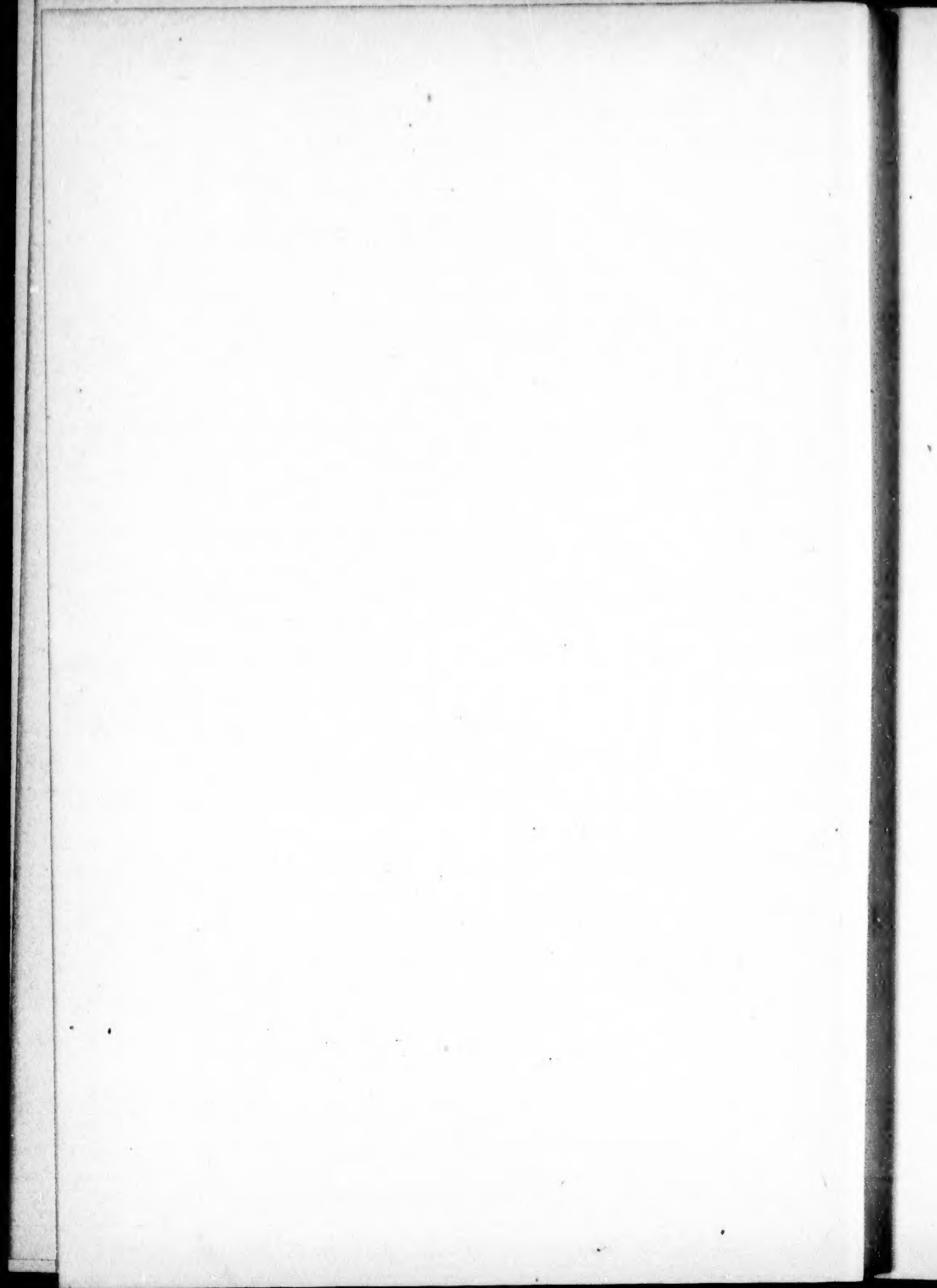
PREFACE.

IN offering this little book to the public I feel that I owe my readers an apology for doing so. It is not that I claim any merit whatever for my humble productions, or am actuated by any ambitious motives, that I thus introduce the defective offspring of my poetic fancies. It is only at the importunity of a number of my friends that I have yielded to their desire to have my poems published.

I can give no other motive for my daring to touch the "magic pen" of Poesy than an innate admiration of its manifold beauties; none save to give expression to the various feelings and convictions that held my heart captive. In consideration of this fact I crave the forbearance and sympathy of my dear readers while perusing these few pages which, as I am well aware, abound in errors, and trust that this little book will not merely be looked upon as a subject for harsh criticism, but will rather be admitted as a little household friend, and find a warm corner in the hearts of my dear countrymen.

S. V. GILBERT.

PENETANGUISHENE, ONT.



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WAYSIDE ECHOES.

SABBATH EVE.

(DEDICATED TO THE REV. G. W. MARVIN, M.A., B.D., PH.D.)

SWEET Sabbath Eve, how holy is thy calm !
How peacefully thy slowly sinking sun
Retires with mellow ray, gilding the quiet earth ;
Sweet valediction, telling us that day is done !

The Sabbath bells are chiming vesper hour,
Their solemn swelling thrills the silent air ;
Triumphant strains and sad, with one symphonious voice,
Call wand'ring sinners unto worship, praise and prayer.

Slowly the light fades in the western sky,
Serenely on the bosom of the bay
Repose the verdant isles that darken to the view,
Lulled into slumber by the lapping wavelets' lay.

Now Twilight, with her soft and modest wing,
Doth hover over hill and lowland lea ;
Her fragrant breath in silv'ry dew-drops now descends
Like benedictions on our frail humanity.

Sweet eve of rest, God's trysting time on earth !
Devotion seems to breathe from every leaf.
O man, let not thy earthly cares disturb this hour,
Cause not the angels to depart and weep in grief !

Yea, truly Nature, in her rustic state,
Reveres her Maker more than doth mankind ;
Were this fair earth not so defiled by sinful man,
The heavens and the earth would surely live combined.

Now Night serenely reigns and all is still,
Save where from yonder window floats a psalm,
That rises to the bars of heaven's golden dome,
Spending its last expiring echo on the calm.

LILIES BY THE WAY.

(DEDICATED TO MR. H. REAZIN, P.S.I.)

As we journey on life's pathway,
Plodding on from day to day,
Every word in kindness uttered
Is a lily by the way.

Whether it to us be spoken,
As in solitude we stray,
Or by us to some lone wand'rer,
'Tis a lily by the way.

As we pass through arid deserts,
 'Neath the scorching suns of noon,
Drag our weary sandals onward,
 How we hail this heavenly boon !

As we tread through gloomy jungles,
 Scarcely pierced by one bright ray,
Oh, how fondly then we cherish
 The sweet lily by the way !

For the purer seems its whiteness,
 And its beauty more complete,
As the forest shadows deepen,
 And its fragrance grows more sweet.

Infancy loves this sweet flower,
 And will gather it with joy
On the sunny path of childhood,
 In its glee without alloy.

One kind accent fitly spoken
 To the youth or maiden may
Point their souls direct to heaven ;
 Plant these lilies on their way !

Kind words, in the busy turmoil
 Of the prime of life, are dear ;
They alleviate our sorrows,
 Dry the bitter flowing tear.

Let us then increase the number
 Of these flow'rs along the road,
As it grows more steep and narrow,
 And more burdensome the load.

But they should be found most plenteous,
As the pilgrim, weak with strife,
Totters toward the gates of heaven
Through the waning vale of life.

Let us then a kind word render
Everywhere and while we may ;
It will shed celestial perfume
Like a lily o'er the way.

" THY WILL BE DONE."

THE evening breezes filled the room,
Gliding o'er a trundle-bed,
To dry the moistened curls of gold
That clustered round a baby's head.

A mother sat there, bathed in tears,
Close beside her little one,
Whose life was ebbing fast away,
Just as the summer day was done.

She held one little hand in hers,
Listening to the quickened breath ;
She gazed upon those soft blue eyes
That soon, alas, must close in death.

And on each little cheek so pale,
She fondly pressed a tender kiss—
Ah ! could it be that cruel Death
Should rob her of all earthly bliss ?

She felt a sudden strange alarm
Thrilling through her very frame ;
Rebellious thoughts her bosom filled,
Nor could she quench the awful flame.

" O Lord, I cannot bear to part
With my one beloved child ;
You must not take him from me, Lord ! "
She cried, in frenzied accents wild.

She clasped the baby in her arms,
Pressed him to her throbbing heart ;
" My darling ! no, you must not die !
How can I bear from you to part ? "

She sobbed as if her heart would break,
Comforted she would not be ;
She kissed her little boy, and wailed
As one in bitter agony.

When all at once a sudden change
O'er the infant's features spread,
She hushed her voice in wild despair,
And gazed upon the babe now dead.

.
Three years had passed, another son
In that trundle-bed was laid,
The mother now was overjoyed,
And all her sorrows were allayed,

Day after day, she watched the babe
Growing up to boyhood's years,
Nor did she ever think that he
Would give her cause for grief or tears.

And when he laughed and clapped his hands,
With the village boys at play,
Her own fond heart would fill with joy
To see her boy so bright and gay.

The boy grew up to be a man,
Strong and healthy, bold and brave ;
But oftentimes now his reckless deeds
Would make his mother's eye look grave.

Yet still she strove to hide the pain
Creeping slowly o'er her soul ;
She did not deem his faults so great,
Because her love redeemed the whole.

But as the days went slowly by,
Bitter tears for him were shed,
Who, through his wicked, sinful deeds,
Had heaped disgrace upon his head.

He fell a victim to the wine,
Gambling-dens he'd oft frequent,
Till finally his life was wrecked
And all his earthly fortune spent.

He next began to rob and steal—
A highwayman of first degree—
As vice grows bolder with each deed,
A murderer ere long was he.

Imprisoned in a dingy cell,
Waiting his approaching doom,
He moaned and wailed most piteously,
When he had ceased to rage and fume.

He then became a penitent,
Seeking pardon from on high,
And praying, not that he might live,
But that he might be fit to die.

At length the fatal hour drew near,—
Calmly gazing on the crowd,
Confessing all his wicked deeds,
He spoke with voice both clear and loud.

Till suddenly his eyes became
Fixed upon an aged pair,
Then tears coursed down his pallid cheek,
To see his parents standing there.

He beckoned them to come to him ;
Sinking then upon the ground,
He wept such agonizing tears,
While all the crowd stood sobbing round.

A hush fell on the multitude ;
“ Father ! mother ! ” cried the son,
As he beheld them drawing near,
And saw what grief and shame had done.

His father's head was bowed with care,
Grief had turned his locks to grey ;
His mother barely reached his side,
Ere all her little strength gave way.

She sank beside him on the ground ;
"Charlie !" was her only cry
Before she fainted at his feet,
O'ercome to know her son must die.

But soon she raised her face again,
Saying, "Charlie, canst thou pray ?
I never taught thee in thy youth,
Myself have led thy heart astray.

"When God required my firstborn son—
Took him from my arms away—
I thought it cruel and unjust,
And could not then His call obey."

Then sobbing loud she kissed her son,
Bidding him "look up to God" ;
She felt this cross her just reward,
And blessed the chastening of His rod.

But when the executioner
Charged his victim to advance,
She locked him in her arms, until
The sheriff tore him from her hands.

She looked resigned e'en now at last,
Fierce the battle she had won ;
She bowed her head upon her hands,
And murmured, " Lord, Thy will be done."

And when they raised her from the ground,
Striving to assuage her grief,
She neither spoke nor heeded them,
Her soul in God had found relief,

The Lord will not be over-ruled,
Ne'er did human strength prevail ;
He doeth all things for the best,
And never did His wisdom fail.

THE ABSENT BROTHER.

WHEN the dewy veil of twilight
Falleth gently from the skies,
Then it is my thoughts flow backward,
And the tear-drops fill mine eyes.

When the birds have ceased their singing,
Hid their heads beneath their wings,
Then the voice I hear in fancy
Silent sorrow to me brings.

When the gentle evening breezes
Kiss with tender touch my brow,
Then I often sadly wonder
Where my brother dwelleth now.

When I kneel before my window,
As the moonbeams flood my room,
Then I miss his well-known footsteps,
And my soul is filled with gloom.

Brother, in what foreign country
Do thy wand'ring footsteps roam ?
Hear'st thou not a sister's pleading,
Wilt thou never more come home ?

Father, mother, all are waiting—
 Mother's hair is turning grey,
And her face is growing paler,
 Watching for thee day by day.

Father's step is coming slower,
 And his eyes are growing dim ;
Soon he'll sleep beneath the roses,
 Oh, come home and comfort him !

For I know that he is longing
 To behold his son once more,
Brother, canst thou longer linger
 On a cold and foreign shore ?

Are thy childhood days forgotten ?
 Does there not one chord remain,
That, when touched by kindred fingers,
 Would remind of home again ?

Hast thou now forgotten Eva
 With her wealth of golden hair ?
Eyes so blue, and clear and tender,
 And with face so bright and fair ?

Long ago when you departed
 Sister Eva was but small,
But she's grown a noble woman,
 Tenderly beloved by all.

And the love you bore another,
 Has it been forgotten quite ?
Are the vows no longer binding
 That you pledged one summer night ?

See, her gentle heart is breaking,
She is drooping day by day,
And before another spring-time
Will have passed from earth away.

Ten long years thou hast been wand'ring,
In a distant foreign clime ;
And to us who wait thy coming,
Ah, how lengthened seems the time !

Brother, when the day is waning,
And thy daily toil is o'er,
Dost thou never think, at twilight,
Of the happy days of yore ?

Has the world with its allurements
Chilled the brother heart in thee ?
Is it vain to try to waken
One sweet chord of sympathy ?

But I never can believe it—
Thou art noble, good and true ;
And while I can breathe a prayer,
Brother, it shall be for you.

DOLLY.

"ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,"—
These were the words she sang
While playing on the shore ;
The lake was blue and calm,
The day was bright and fair,
The southern zephyr kissed her cheek
And fanned her golden hair.

"Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the Great White Throne, to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea ;"
She gazed with thoughtful eye
Upon the watery sheen,
And wondered if the "crystal sea"
A lake like this could mean.

She thought it must be so,
And pictured in her mind
The "Mansion" and the "Great White Throne,"
And once more on the wind
Her childish voice rang out :
"Where burdens are laid down ;
Nearer leaving the cross, to-day,
And nearer to the crown."

A dandelion wreath
She placed upon her head,
And to her little brother then
She ran, and smiling said :

"I wonder if in heaven
The crowns much nicer are,
But then, of course, a crown of stars
Would brighter be by far."

The bank whereon they played
Was quite abrupt and steep,
And well the youthful players knew
The water there was deep ;
But they were full of mirth—
What was its depth to them ?—
They romped and played while Dolly sang
The last verse of her hymn.

"Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,"—
A cry ! a splash ! she turns and sees
Her little brother sink.
Scarce have the solemn words
Died out upon her lip,
Ere Dolly, with a sister's love,
Has plunged into the deep.

Three days have since gone by ;
Again the day is fine ;
But on the shore where Dolly played,
Now moves a sable line.
She saved her brother's life,
But she was doomed to drown ;
Her radiant brow now wears in heaven
That "brighter" starry crown.

Into the churchyard near,
Beside the murm'ring wave,
They bear her form and sing the hymn
Around her open grave ;
While Dolly swells the strain
Upon the crystal shore :
" I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before."

RUSSIA'S CALL.

O CANADA, with plenty crowned,
With rich provision fed,
Canst thou forbear to listen when
Thy neighbor calls for bread ?
Canst thou in full abundance live,
With surplus in thy stores,
Nor heed the bitter cry that comes
From starving Russia's shores ?

Canst thou in silence stand aside,
While all thy sisters speed
With willing hearts and ready hands
Those dying souls to feed ?
Shall not the wailing of distress,
The hollow, sunken eye,
Call forth a sigh of sympathy
For those who daily die ?

For oh, remember He who gave
The wealth thou dost enjoy,
And He, who by His wisdom, did
The Russian crops destroy,
Is Father over all His flock,
Who rightly understands
Whate'er is best, and who may soon
Reverse the circumstance !

My country, why art thou the last
To bring deliverance?
Why dost thou linger in the rear
With thy benevolence?
When thou so oft hast led the van
In grand, unselfish deeds,
How is it that thou now art mute
When Russia's bosom bleeds?

Our country's heart did not respond
To Russia's cries and tears,
Because a Party cataract
Was roaring in her ears ;
But now we hear the cry more clear,
Its tones impetuous
Come ringing o'er the snowy steppes,
Oh, share thy bread with us !

Oh, was the motive selfishness?
Nay, this could never be ;
Canadian hearts are large and warm,
And full of sympathy ;

So let us do our duty now,
The perishing to save,
Each morsel that is wasted might
Snatch someone from the grave.

The blood of those whom we might save,
But whom we leave to die,
Will brand a stain on our fair name
In sight of Heaven's eye.
Then let our charity respond
To Russia's anxious plea,
For His sake, who will surely say,
"Ye did it unto Me."

June 16, 1892.

THE DEATH OF THE FERNS.

SWEET way-side ferns ! that cheered my path full many a
summer day,
As through the sunny woodland glades alone I loved to
stray,
Drawn by enchanting Nature's mute yet eloquent appeal,
Ye spoke in gentle undertones my heart could only feel.

And now you're dead ! your soft green leaves lie sere upon
the ground ;
While through the trees the passing breeze makes mourning
most profound,

Grieving upon the bosom of a young and dusky fir,
For those whose brow she used to kiss, whose locks she
used to stir.

Oh, can it be that everything so soon must fade away ?
Must Hope itself, like you, dear ferns, in all its strength
decay ?

Dead ! yes, an emblem of my hope I thus behold ;
And with the sighing breeze I bow a mourner o'er your
mould.

Adversity's despoiling frost falls from the clearest sky,
With blighting breath Death's work is wrought unseen by
mortal eye,
Hope, yea, fond Hope, has perished too like you, dear
way-side ferns,
And all along life's lonely path my soul dead leaves discerns.

Yet from your grave, dear way-side ferns, a fragrant breath
ascends
Like some sad echo of farewell, as with the air it blends ;
Thus ling'ring Hope's departing strain—sweet valedict'ry
chord—
Is trembling still on Memory's lips its last thrill to afford.

But why lament ? Beneath this sod your root lies still alive,
Though these thy frail and tender leaves the frost could not
survive ;
And when the balmy Spring-time decks, with verdure, hill
and plain,
Your sluggish pulse will beat once more and stir to life again.

Perchance upon some future day life's cold grey sky may
clear,
And then the dormant root of Hope once more may green
appear.
Prone to mistakes, we oft presume that life has passed away,
Regardless of the root that lives, though leaves and stem
decay.

TRUE CANADIANS.

(DEDICATED TO MAJOR SAM. HUGHES, M.P.)

O CANADA, what name is there
So dear to a Canadian heart !
Thy standard we will bravely bear,
Nor ever from its folds depart.
Forever to the Maple Leaf
We will each foreign claim deny ;
For true Canadians we will live,
And true Canadians we will die !

We will not heed the traitor's call,
Nor sell our birth-right for a meal ;
Let weaklings into error fall,
But true Canadians never will.
The stranger's word we'll not believe,
Nor on his empty schemes rely,
For true Canadians we will live,
And true Canadians we will die !

Yes, proud we are of our domain !
From ocean unto ocean wave,
There is no valley, hill or plain,
We'd deem too lowly for a grave,
Should we the warning note receive
That an invading foe was nigh ;
For true Canadians we will live,
And true Canadians we will die !

No truer blood hath ever flowed,
Pulsating through the human vein,
Than that which stained Canadian sod
On Abraham's gory battle-plain,
Where Wolfe his vict'ry did achieve
Then laid his weary armor by ;
For true Canadians we will live,
And true Canadians we will die !

On Queenston Heights, where noble Brock,
Our fireside hero, passed away ;
And Lundy's Lane, where, like a rock,
Our army stood and won the day—
Yes, wrongs like these we can forgive,
But to our sister we reply :
" Right true Canadians we will live,
And true Canadians we will die ! "

Shame ! on the traitor who would sell
The grave wherein his father sleeps.
If he be found, go mark him well,
O'er him the eye of Heaven weeps.

Fond memory still doth sadly grieve
O'er those who dead at Ridgeway lie,
Like true Canadians they did live,
Like true Canadians they did die.

Our volunteers so brave and bold,
Our men and brothers, think of them,
Whose loyal brows grew still and cold;
And our good Colonel,* praise to him!
Batoche still makes our bosoms heave;
The nation's tears are not yet dry
For those who would Canadians live,
For those who did Canadians die.

Fair British North America,
Long mayst thou joined with England be!
O Canada! dear Canada!
Our latest breath shall be for thee.
The last warm drop for thee we'll give,
Our colors we will ne'er deny;
For true Canadians we will live,
And true Canadians we will die!

* Colonel Williams.

HAVE COURAGE.

REVIVE, my fainting heart, do not despond -
So utterly while there is hope in heaven beyond ;
Remember, though the burdens seem severe,
That God may hide His face, and yet be very near.
Have courage!

'Tis true our trials oftentimes so expand
As to obstruct our view of heaven's borderland ;
But Christian pilgrims always know that there
Is left a great resource for weary hearts in prayer.
Have courage!

What though the morning vapors hide from view
Just now, the goal thy feet are travelling to?
Thou'lt reach it just the same if on thou tread ;
The densest mist seems that far on ahead.
Have courage!

Why tremble o'er afflictions yet unborn ?
Or wear mourning robes for those not from thee torn ?
'Tis better far to wear a smile than frown,
The one may cheer a heart, the other cast it down.
Have courage !

The heart that cannot bear a silent pain,
Is not the one whose love we ought to strive to gain ;
The noblest soul is that which doth forbear
To publish its complaints, to swell a neighbor's care.
Have courage!

The bosom oft re-echoes with a cry,
Which to the outer world seems but a stifled sigh ;
Then look, my heart, not to this world for aid,
But faithfully look up and be no more afraid.
Have courage !

CAN THE HEART FORGET ?

CAN the heart forget,
Though far away,
The joys of home
And childhood's day,
A mother's love,
A father's care,
The tender look
Of a sister fair ?

Can the heart forget
It once was young,
What gladdened it,
What sorrows wrung ?
Can it forget,
Though far it stray,
The hand it pressed
On a bygone day ?

Can the heart forget
Love's soft refrain?
Can it forget
The wrench of pain
That thrilled its chords
And made them bleed
At the parting hour?
It cannot indeed.

Can the heart forget
Its truest friend,
Whose very soul
With it doth blend?
It never can,
Comes the reply,
For mem'ry lives
Though all else should die

OUR ECHOES.

ALL this world is full of echoes,
Could our mortal ears but hear :
Every word and every action
Echoes on from sphere to sphere ;
Ever each with other blending,
Rolling on without an ending.

Like a stone cast in the ocean,
Causes wavelets to appear,
Ever more and more dilating
Till the farthest shore they near,
So our deeds on life's wide ocean
Aid the universal motion.

Whether bitter words or pleasant,
Spoken in this narrow vale,
Be they bane or be they blessing,
All re-echo without fail ;
Ever each to each replying,
Never ceasing, never dying.

Forms and faces to oblivion,
Through the grave may be consigned,
But when we depart this valley,
Echo's voice we leave behind,
Giving joy or grief to others,
Making foes of men, or brothers.

Like an Alpine traveller passing
Through a dark and deep defile,
In the bosom of the mountains
Calling as he walks the while,
And when gone the one succeeding
Still will hear the sounds receding.

Those who enter the arena
After we've been borne aside,
May not see if we like cowards
Or like gallant heroes died,
But they ne'ertheless will know it,
For the deeds performed will show it.

Echoes, through long bygone ages,
Of the deeds of noble men
Tremble with a peaceful murmur
In our souls like God's amen,
Leading us to things more noble,
Teaching us to bear our trouble.

Oh, that our discordant echoes
Might grow more and more unique—
As they rise from earth to Zion,
Good or ill for us to speak—
Till the last low harmony,
Blends with Heaven's symphony!

BESSIE'S EVENING PRAYER.

THE summer day was slowly closing,
A hush was on the evening hour,
The gentle dew was softly falling—
God's blessing on each fragrant flower.

The little birds had ceased their singing,
The lambs slept safe within their fold,
And on the great expanse of heaven
The moon rose like an orb of gold.

Its beams rose higher and still higher,
They crept o'er valley, hill and plain ;
Now, peeping through the parted curtains,
They played upon a counterpane.

With pallid cheeks and body trembling,
A little girl was kneeling there,
Prone at her bedside, while the breezes
Stole softly in and fanned her hair.

Her large blue eyes had scanned the landscape,
Admired the mists that slowly rose
Above the churchyard where her parents
Had rested since the last year's close.

For little Bessie was an orphan
Committed to her grandsire's care ;
And weak and wan from recent sickness,
She knelt to say her evening prayer.

Her childlike words, though uttered faintly,
Re-echoed through the vaults of heaven ;
Her childlike faith was strong and simple,
And what she asked to her was given.

"O dearest Saviour, hear my prayer,
Forgive the ills that I have done ;
Bless my dear grandpa and reward him
For all the love that he has shown.

"And if it be Thy will, dear Saviour,
That I should leave this world below,
Then take me to Thyself in heaven,
Where all Thy little children go.

"I long to see my angel mother
And father, who to Thee have gone ;
I know that both for me are waiting,
O Lord, do Thou take Bessie home."

.

The morning sun rose bright and smiling,
But little Bessie was not there ;
Her sleep could know no earthly waking—
The Lord had heard her evening prayer.

THE GRAVE ON THE OTONABEE.

'Twas a beautiful morning in August,
I was quietly strolling along
The green-fringed bank where Otonabee's tide
Glideth past with a murmurous song.
It was early ; the sun was just rising,
And the first golden rays fell o'er meadow and stream,
While the song-birds, awakened, were carolling round,
And arousing the slumbering flow'rs from their dream.

I delight to behold the bright sunrise,
When the dew-drops, like newly shed tears,
Glisten still in the eyes of the flow'rs,
Whose sweet odors the early breeze bears.
But I know not why on this occasion
I had chosen the path that led into this place,
Where sweet briar and fern with wild ivy were seen
To entwine in a sisterly, loving embrace.

'Twas a wild, lonely spot by the river,
But my heart was so young and so light
That I gazed on the landscape around me
With a feeling of joy and delight.
I walked carelessly up to the river,
And had seated myself on a moss-covered stone,
When my eyes fell upon what I thought was a grave,
Though completely by mosses and ivy o'ergrown.

A willow that grew close beside it
Marked this mound by the river's swift tide,
I approached it with awe-stricken feelings,
And I silently stood by its side.
For I felt myself drawn by some power—
What it was, whence it came, I could never explain—
You may say I was dreaming, well maybe I was,
But the words that I heard in my mem'ry remain.

'Twas the willow that spoke, so I listened
To the story it had to reveal,
And the history I heard was so gruesome
That I felt a strange dread o'er me steal ;
For the willow spoke : " There where thou standest,
Stood a maid and her lover, long, long years ago ;
She was fair as the morning, with long golden tresses
Streaming out on the breeze at the sunset's red glow.

" And her lover was dark, yet as handsome
As the lily that bloomed by his side ;
In the gloaming I oft saw them linger
Here by lonely Otonabee's tide ;
But one night—'twas a mild autumn evening—
When again they stood under my wide-spreading
boughs,
I distinctly o'erheard the discussion they had,
And I noticed a shadow on each of their brows.

" He seemed angry and scowling with passion ;
She looked pleadingly into his face ;
But he drew forth a pistol and shot her,
The maiden that sleeps in this place.

He had pleaded his cause for a twelve-month,
But his suit Lillie's parents had ever denied,
For a Protestant she and a Romanist he,
These two lovers who wooed by Otonabee's tide.

"He was mad in his love and had killed her,
And had buried her where she had died,
Then he wept o'er her grave till the morning,
When he plunged into yon swelling tide.
In a moment he sank to the bottom,
And as though naught had happened, the watery wave
Closed above him and rolled as it had done before,
Leaving me the sole mourner o'er Lillie's lone grave."

THE DYING CHILD.

HAVE I been sleeping, dearest mother ?
The sun is sinking low ;
I see the western sky, dear mother,
Is all a crimson glow.
I think I have been dreaming, mother,
I heard the angels sing ;
Sit near and hold my hand, dear mother,
Hark, how the echoes ring !

A shining light from heaven, mother,
Enveloped all around ;
And presently I heard, dear mother,
A soft, angelic sound.

And such an ecstasy, dear mother,
Filled all my heart and soul,
I saw our little sister, mother—
How sweet the echoes roll !

She beckoned me to follow, mother,
The fair, seraphic train,
As slowly up to heaven, mother,
They disappeared again.
Now take me in your arms, dear mother !
Let me once more behold
The sunset o'er the meadow, mother,
E'er I grow faint and cold.

For I am dying, dearest mother,
I feel that it is true ;
But you must not be lonely, mother,
I'll watch in heaven for you !
O listen now again, dear mother !
I hear the singing train,
Farewell ! for I must follow, mother,
And join their rapturous strain.

MOAN, YE WATERS.

(A DIRGE.)

HEAR the swelling waters moan,
As they wash the craggy shore !
In the same weird monotone,
As they've moaned in years before.
Moan, ye waters, sigh and moan,
O'er the grave of fair Leone !

There are voices from the deep,
Falling on the listening ear,
As if those whose bodies sleep
Were engaged in converse here.
Moan, ye waters, sigh and moan,
O'er the grave of fair Leone !

Yesternight a muffled form
Slowly did yon cliff descend,
Careless of the raging storm
And the quaking firmament.
Moan, ye waters, sigh and moan,
O'er the grave of fair Leone !

Driven thither in despair,
What cared she for storm or night,
Though the thunder rent the air,
And the clouds were cleft with light ?
Moan, ye waters, sigh and moan,
O'er the grave of fair Leone !

All her joy and peace had vanished,
And she lived a life of shame ;
From the social circle banished,
Smarting 'neath a tarnished name.
Moan, ye waters, sigh and moan,
O'er the grave of fair Leone !

Cruel world ! that feels no pity,
For the soul she has destroyed,
But with proud and scornful gestures,
Seeks her presence to avoid.
Moan, ye waters, sigh and moan,
O'er the grave of fair Leone !

Down she sank beneath the billow,
While above her closed the tide,
Rising, falling, sighing, heaving,
As it laved the grey cliff's side.
Moan, ye waters, sigh and moan,
O'er the grave of fair Leone !

SYLVAN SILENCE.

OH, give me the silence of pathless old woods,
Where no human babbling destroyeth the charm;
Where naught save the innocent birds and their broods
Sing of calm dreamy moments and freedom from harm.

I love—how I love to go roaming alone,
Deep into the forest so shady and cool;
'Tis music to hear the tall pine trees' low moan,
Or the low drooping willow that sighs round the pool.

The deep shady vistas that cause one to dream,
To me have a charm that can ne'er be expressed;
So free from life's sorrow and turmoil, they seem
Like the gardens of freedom, the precincts of rest.

The silence pervading this sylvan retreat,
Entrances the soul with its magical spell;
And I list while the voices of Nature repeat
To the wondering heart that which words may not tell.

The world of anxiety here has an end;
The heat and contention that weary the brain,
Must vanish when touched by the dryad's fair hand,
And the soft sylvan zephyrs dispel every pain.

Then give me the silent sequestered retreat,
The green leafy forest so free and so fair;
This sanctum of Nature divinely complete
In its heavenly charm, for Jehovah is there!

THE PILGRIM'S VESPER.

WHAT sound is it thrills the silent air,
And is borne by the evening breeze,
As the sun sinks low in the western sky
Behind the tall pine trees?

Was it but the creaking of a bough?
Or the murmuring brooklet's strain?
Ah! 'twas none of these, 'twas a human voice!
Oh, hark! it is heard again.

"I am a stranger here"—
And the echo is borne along—
"Heaven is my home"—'Tis a woman sings
With rich clear voice this song:—

"Earth is a desert drear"—
And again comes the sweet refrain—
"Heaven is my home;" then the voice is still
While dies the last low strain.

Now list! for a manly voice is heard
As it falls on the evening calm,
While he reads aloud in an earnest tone,
A chapter and a psalm.

Then they both unite in earnest prayer—
Such a plea as can only rise
From a bosom feeling the need of prayer
When sore afflictions rise.

They pray for their country, home and friends,
For the dear transatlantic home,
For the land in which their affections lie,
Though far from it they roam.

That land they were forced to leave behind,
While their eyes with tears were dim,
And to seek a home where they might enjoy
The evening prayer and hymn.

But also they plead for New England's soil
And their joint supplications rise,
For the land for which they had cleft in twain
A thousand kindred ties ;

A land which would henceforth be their home,
Where no fierce persecution reigns
To molest them, for their religion's sake,
With spies and prison chains ;

But where Freedom forever her rights shall claim,
And proud Liberty's pinions wave ;
Though the road be steep to a nation's fame,
And lead o'er many a grave.

And when at length the prayer is o'er,
While the darkness is deep'ning fast,
They unite once more in an evening hymn
And all is hushed at last.

So these sturdy Pilgrims did rather choose
To forsake all they held most dear,
Than to bow to that which they deemed was false,
For prelate or for peer.

They prayed, and they toiled, and they struggled hard
In the forests of the West ;
And 'tis through this noble, undaunted band,
Our Continent still is blest.

SUNBEAMS ON THE WAY.

(DEDICATED TO THE REV. W. GALLOWAY.)

DARK and drear would be the valley
That we tread from day to day
Were there not along the journey
Sunbeams thrown across our way.

Sunbeams—yes, those glints of heaven—
Sunbeams that will never fade,
For the beams of holy friendship
Shine the brighter 'mid the shade.

Small indeed may be the number
Of our staunch and well-tried friends ;
But we cherish the more fondly
Those few true ones Heaven sends.

Wand'ring, sometimes we encounter
Those whose lives are to our souls
Heaven's living invitations ;
Goodness all their lives controls.

True and noble, spotless pillars
In a dark and sin-stained world,
With a purity untarnished,
By the shafts against it hurled.

Oh, how grand is their example !
How their influence us inspires !
In the chambers of our bosom
Kindling high and holy fires !

When our skies are draped in mourning,
Void of one celestial ray,
Then a word, to cheer our sorrows,
Is a sunbeam on our way.

Long the intervening spaces,
Dark they be and lonely too,
Yet these sunbeams, so effulgent,
Give us light the valley through.

Emanating from one centre—
That grand central sun is God—
They, reflecting God's own glory,
Light this sombre earthly sod.

Let us then be ever aiming,
Striving hard from day to day,
To be casting, as we journey,
Sunbeams on another's way.

CLEO'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

WHERE blue Pacific laves the shore
Of California, in the West,
Half hidden by the orange groves,
A cottage stands with ivy drest;
The summer day is slowly fading,
The southern sun is lingering low
Within the rim of the horizon,
Where it meets the waves below.

So beautiful the landscape lies,
Kissed by the sun's departing ray;
And welcome blows the ocean breath,
So fresh and cool at close of day.
In through the ivy-mantled window,
The scented breezes bear their balm,
And gently stir the little ringlets
Around a face serene and calm.

Like one who, tossed the whole long day
Upon the wild and swelling main,
At eve has anchored in the bay
To hear his "welcome home" again,
So she, upon her mother's bosom,
Is resting on the eve of time,
To hear the summons of the Master
Call her from this earthly clime.

Her large brown eyes, so true and sad,
Are gazing down the avenue
Where Philomel pours out her soul,
So sadly sweet, the foliage through.
“I have been thinking, dearest mother,
How twelve short months ago to-night
We had just such a glorious sunset,
That filled me with a strange delight!”

“It was my birthday, mother dear,
And I was then just sweet sixteen ;
Not thinking that my joys would fade,
Or clouds of sorrow intervene.
I well remember on that even,
While strolling down the colonnade,
How sweet the nightingale was singing,
Just as it sings now in yon shade.”

“Young Godfrey lingered at my side,
And something in his manner seemed
To bring the blushes to my cheek ;
For oh ! he told me he had dreamed
That we were kneeling at the altar,
And that I was his lovely bride ;
He said, ‘I looked just like an angel
With bridal veil and flowers beside.’”

“I felt confused, and said how strange
Some dreams did oftentimes appear,
And fain would I have changed the theme
But, seeming not my voice to hear,

He called me his 'own precious darling,'
And said I was his 'dark-eyed queen,'
Then slipped this ring upon my finger—
I scarcely knew what he could mean.

"But since that time my life has changed—
I care not now for shady walks,
Or for the golden sunshine hours
I spent among the seaside rocks.
I ne'er shall see another birthday;
This, precious mother, is my last;
No more I'll hear the ocean murmur,
All earthly joys for me are past.

"But, mother, when I'm laid away
Within the cold and silent grave,
If Godfrey Doane comes home again
Across the deep blue rolling wave,
Return to him this golden circlet,
And give him, too, this lock of hair;
And tell him that I have been faithful
While God was pleased my life to spare.

"I know he will be greatly grieved,
When he returns to find his bride
Asleep beneath the dewy sod,
Where oft we strolled at eventide;
For there I hope you'll lay me, mother,
Where yonder trees arch overhead;
'Twas there we parted last, dear mother,
And there shall be my lowly bed.

"'Tis true it does not matter much
Where this frail form is laid to rest,
Or where these curls, so soft and brown,
Shall moulder in the silent dust.
Yet lay me where I told you, mother,
And twine the ivy o'er my tomb,
And plant a Lily of the Valley
To shed o'er me its sweet perfume.

"Oh, 'twill be sweet to rest where you
Can watch my grave the whole day long,
And where the birds at sunset hour
Will sing o'er me their vesper song.
Then when the west is streaked with crimson,
And shadows steal o'er land and sea,
And youthful lovers saunter slowly
Adown the groves, they'll think of me.

"They'll think of Cleo who was once
The fairest of that happy throng,
Who roved among those orange-bowers
Or strayed the pebbled beach along ;
Methinks I hear my old companions
Tread softly as my grave they near ;
And when they gather round in silence,
They'll drop for me sweet friendship's tear.

"But, mother dear, why do you weep ?
Is it because I'm called to go ?
Oh, do not shed one bitter tear,
For death is sweet—I feel it so.

At times my soul has been repining
While lying on this bed of pain ;
I thought 'twas hard to part, dear mother,
From you and little sister Jane.

“Yet, I am only going home
To meet the loved ones gone before ;
And wait for you in Paradise,
Where we shall dwell to part no more.
E'en now I hear the angels calling,
All round about is growing dim ;
Farewell, dear mother, and dear sister,
My Saviour calls me home to Him.”

The sun sinks 'neath the western sky,
As twilight spreads her pinions grey
O'er cot and bower, o'er land and sea,
And Nature's music dies away.
The twilight deepens into darkness,
The mother kneels beside her child ;
And though she weeps for the departed,
Her will to God's is reconciled.

WANATTA.

THE day was hot and sultry
As August day could be,
No breath of air was stirring
A leaf upon a tree ;
The vast expanse of water
Of stormy Georgian Bay,
That afternoon was scarcely stirred,
But like a mirror lay.

A noble Indian maiden,
Of nineteen years or more,
In her canoe sat rocking,
Off Beckwith's island shore.
She gazed in dreamy silence
Upon the watery deep,
Where she so oft in days of yore
Had lulled herself to sleep.

But as she thus sat dreaming,
The sky grew dark o'erhead,
The heavens the water mirrored,
With lowering clouds o'erspread.
She roused herself, and seeing
The storm-clouds scudding past,
Toward Winnaquaw she turned her face
And plied the paddle fast.

The cave was not far distant—
Full oft had she been there,—
But lightning now was flashing
And thunders rent the air ;
The wind was rising faster,
Great waves began to roll,
The foam-flakes danced like wingèd shapes
Between her and her goal.

Behold ! she stops and listens ;
What means that fearful cry,
Co-mingling with the thunder
That now goes rolling by ?
She strains her ear to hearken,
When lo, a human voice
She can at length distinguish
Above the breakers' noise.

Her eyes now scan the water,
But naught can she descry
Save white-winged dipping sea-gulls
That pass careering by ;
Yet once again, though fainter,
Rises the plaintive tone,—
“ For God's sake save, I'm drowning ”—
Then sinks into a moan.

Wanatta's heart beats faster,
As she espies a sail
Tossed on the bounding billows
And driven by the gale ;

But when her eyes discover,
At length, a human form
That, clinging to a floating wreck,
Is struggling with the storm,

Resolved he shall not perish
While she with help is nigh,
Wanatta's woman heart responds
To the despairing cry.
She drives her craft with vigor
Against the storm and wave,
Heedless of peril if she might
The white man's life but save.

And soon her dauntless spirit
Had borne her to the place
Where still the man was clinging,
With pale and upturned face ;
She brought her boat beside him,
Whom she had come to save,
And who would in a moment more
Have sunk beneath the wave.

His hand its power was losing,
His strength was waning low,
He could no longer battle
Against the cruel foe ;
But just as he was sinking
His helpless form she caught,
And raised his head above the wave,
With death and danger fraught.

But wind and waves were threatening
Her frail craft to capsize,
And she was but a woman,
With woman's strength likewise ;
Yet bravery and courage
Her dauntless heart upbore,
And plunging in the water
She bore him toward the shore.

Four hundred yards she struggled
Against the wind and wave,
Till finally she landed,
And reached the sheltering cave.
Thus did this Indian heroine
At risk of life not stay,
But ventured all that she might save
The white man's life that day.

GOD'S WORLD.

I LOVE this world, this grand old world,
With all its wealth and beauty ;
It might be grander still by far,
If we but did our duty ;
The verdant slopes, the mighty waves,
Are all the Lord's creation ;
The forests and the plains are His,
And His is every nation ;
And who that loves this earth below,
But loves the Lord who made it so ?

CONSTANCE.

ON a dull December eve,
In her cottage by the Rhone,
Peering out into the twilight,
Sat poor Constance all alone ;
Ofttimes she had sat before,
And had watched the tall trees swaying ;
But to-night the rocking branches,
Strange words to her heart were saying.

She had ofttimes scanned the clouds,
Low'ring darkly overhead,
Often watched the white-winged gulls
When the evening skies were red ;
She had heard their mournful cries,
While within her chair reclining,
But to-night they woke old mem'ries,
Sorrow with past joys combining.

Of her youthful days she thought,
When she played on yonder hill,
Or with gay companions strolled
By the grey old cotton mill ;
Or as she at eventide,
While the vesper bell was ringing,
Hastened to the village chapel,
Where God's praises they were singing.

When in childhood's days she roamed
Through the woodland, in the glade,
While the sunbeams, through the boughs,
Hide-and seek played in the shade ;
Or as she, with maiden glee,
Sang a song beside the river
As she gathered flowers and mosses
On glad days now past forever.

Thought she of her happy home,
When her heart no sorrow knew,
Every smiling face recalled
That around that hearth-stone grew ;
She, the youngest of her group,
Was the darling of her mother,
And the idol of her father,
Pet of sister and of brother.

But that brother, in his prime,
Died his native land to save,
Clad in martial uniform,
Laid within a soldier's grave ;
Thus was left a vacant chair
In that home of joy and gladness,
And that mother's heart was bleeding
As her sunshine turned to sadness.

To that sister young and sweet,
With blue eyes and golden hair,
Suitors came from far and near,
Offering wealth and jewels rare ;

But to none she lent an ear,
All alike she treated coldly,
Till one day a German minstrel
Owned his love and pled it boldly.

And to him she gave her heart,
Though he knew not wealth nor fame,
But his tender, earnest plea
Kindled in her love's first flame ;
Then her bridal day drew near,
And she left the home long cherished,
But, before the year had faded,
Far from home that sister perished.

And they made her quiet grave
Where the blue Rhine sweeps along,
'Neath a mourning willow tree,
Far from every noisy throng.
Thus poor Constance sat and mused,
Mused on scenes of long ago ;
Her sweet face a perfect mirror
Of bright thoughts or thoughts of woe.

Her white cap was on her brow,
Covering her silver hair ;
She seemed beautiful e'en now,
After all these years of care ;
But 'twas yonder rustic bridge
That now woke a thought of anguish ;
There it was she last beheld him,
Ere he went the foe to vanquish.

She in fancy saw him stand
Just as he had stood that night,
When the air was thick with odors,
And they pledged their solemn plight,
When he spoke such tender words,
While she wept upon his bosom ;
Oh, theirs was an early parting,
Yet it failed love's cords to loosen.

After that, on many an eve,
Had she crossed the bridge, and sighed
For that young and noble soldier
Who had chosen her his bride.
Say not that true love forgets
Those sweet early hours of pleasure ;
Long may be the years of absence,
Still the heart retains its treasure.

Though that body, void of power,
Soon would lie within the tomb ;
Though those eyes, once bright with lustre,
Dim had grown in life's dark gloom ;
E'en though many years had passed,
While the rosy cheeks grew wrinkled ;
And though on those locks of auburn
Hoary age its snow had sprinkled

All the passions of her youth
Seemed to wake within her breast,
Now that life's long day was closing,
And she soon would be at rest.

She recalled her father's words,
As he breathed his dying blessing
On the loved ones gathered round him,
Ere he died her warm hand pressing.

And that mother ; oh, the thought
Melts the ice of many a year,
For adown her cheek is coursing
Now once more the welcome tear.
Many and many a day gone by,
Grief had dulled each tender feeling,
But to-night the reminiscence
Of her mother comes with healing.

Was there ever love so true,
Pure and holy, undefiled,
As the deep love of a mother
Which she beareth for her child ?
Constance saw her mother stand
As if on divine commission,
But with tender look of loving
Disappeared the cherished vision.

Suddenly a thrill of joy
Drove away all earthly pain,
In that paradise of glory
She shall meet her friends again !
Such a meeting will be there,
Oh, 'twill be a sweet reunion !
Her wan face lit up with gladness,
As she mused in sweet communion.

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Next morning dawned o'er wood and field,
 Lighting up each hill and glade,
And the sun rose bright and smiling
 Banishing each earthly shade.
Bright and clear the skies are now ;
 All the clouds of yester even
O'er the earth have spread their crystals,
 Like a bridal veil from heaven.

Still the river rolleth on,
 Onward to the heaving main,
As it rolled in bygone ages,
 Never to return again ;
But there rests a hush of peace
 On that cot beside the river,
For the eyes which gazed so sadly
 On those scenes are closed forever.

Nevermore a grief or pain,
 Nevermore an aching heart,
Nevermore a secret anguish,
 Nevermore a fiery dart
Shall disturb her quiet sleep,
 Though her form is still reposing
In the chair beside the window
 Where she saw her last day closing.

Here on earth she'll wake no more
 While the waters rush and foam,
For her soul has reached its haven
 And has anchored safe at home ;

Gently bear her to the grave—
She's the last one of her number—
There to rest till Jesus calls,
Rousing her from death's deep slumber.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

THE shades of night are gathering,
And I alone remain ;
The rain is falling heavily
Against the window-pane,
As I sit sad and lonely,
Musing in the dark,
Thinking of the dear ones
Now so far apart.

Fond memory brings before me
The scenes of other days,
When I was glad and happy
In simple, childish ways.
The dear old home's deserted,
And busy life has fled,
The flow'rs that there I planted
Are withered now and dead.

My mother's voice no more is heard
Within that garden dear ;
Whereas in happy days of yore
Her song my heart did cheer.

And often when the dew-drops fell
Upon the shutting flowers,
We listened to the village bell—
How precious were those hours !

No workmen now are in the fields,
Where rolled the creaking wain ;
Those acres broad but thistles yield,
That once stood thick with grain.
What desolation all around,
Is seen where'er I go ;
But mute remembrances abound
To fill my heart with woe.

Ah ! in the days of happy youth,
What songs we used to sing !
I seem to hear in very truth
Those youthful voices ring.
As cosily we sat about
The firelight's ruddy gleam,
The rafters echoed to our shout—
But now 'tis all a dream !

Those joys are past, the dear ones gone,
Some to their heavenly home ;
But I still love the place where I
In early youth did roam :
The woods, the fields, the garden walks,
To me must dear remain ;
I can't forget those grand old times
Which may not come again.

TO A SUNBEAM.

LITTLE golden sunbeam,
Resting on the wall,
Peeping through my curtains,
Lighting up the hall ;
Early in the morning,
Happy little sprite,
Gliding in my chamber,
Messenger of light.

Ah, this golden sunbeam,
Herald of the day,
Breathes upon the window,
Melts the ice away ;
Fairy-like it dances,
If it but behold,
Full within the mirror
Its bright face of gold.

Little golden sunbeam,
Oh, to be like thee,
Pure, unsullied, stainless,
Rare transparency.
If our life's dark mirror
Would but shine as bright,
Cast as sweet reflection
As thy flood of light !

Little golden sunbeam,
Kissing all the land,
On this Sabbath morning,
At thy God's command,
Bear the Saviour's message—
Warm our souls with peace,
Bid our deeds like sunbeams
Others' joys increase.

UNDER THE LILACS.

I'm standing 'neath the lilac trees,
The night is just as calm
As it was many years ago,
And full of soothing balm ;
The self-same moon is shining still
That shone upon us then,
But ah ! I stand alone to-night —
How sad the fate of men !

The tranquil sky of lovely June
Is just as deep and clear,
The whip-poor-will's sweet melody
To me is just as dear ;
But somehow there's an aching void
Which I may not explain,
For mem'ries sad are apt to wake
At Nature's gentle strain.

The sweet rich clusters o'er my head
Which shed their fragrance free,
With whispering voices seem to wake
A tender chord in me ;
Some sweet, sad echo not yet dead
Revives my lost desire—
But oft the sweetest strains we hear
Proceed from sorrow's lyre.

DAISY.

" I AM going to look for my papa !
Now, I wonder what keeps him so late,
When he promised to come home quite early—
I'll just go and find him right straight ;"
And with this little Daisy departed,
In the night, and the cold, and the snow ;
She had waited and watched for her father,
Till the sun in the West had sunk low.

" I am going to look for my papa !"
She had said when the night-shadows fell,
As she sat on her stool by the window,
With her head and arms on the sill.
Little Daisy had seen her dear mother
Laid away in her cold, silent bed,
E'er the Autumn leaves covered the hillside
With a carpet of yellow and red.

"I am going to look for my papa !
I am certain that something is wrong ;
For he said when he left me this morning
That he would not stay out very long.
And he must be so tired and hungry,
For the snow in the woods is so deep,
And he's had not a bite for his dinner,
So I'll first set the tea on to steep."

Then alone in the night out she started,
Calling "Papa" at times as she went,
That he might not return home without her ;
But her cries on the night air were spent.
Not a sound reached her ear to relieve her,
It was dark and the snow-drifts were deep :
She grew numb with the cold, and so weary
That, despairing, she sat down to weep.

In the morning, a farmer in passing
Through the woods on his way to his work,
Stood aghast in unspeakable horror,
For beneath an elm tree, cold and stark,
He espied the dead form of his neighbor—
Such a pitiful sight 'twas to see—
With his axe at his side where he dropped it,
And his head partly crushed by the tree.

Then on looking a little way distant
To the left, where some cordwood was piled,
He imagined he saw a red muffler,
But on nearing perceived 'twas a child ;

He at once recognized little Daisy,
As she lay there half-buried in snow,
Not above fifteen yards from her father,
Upon whom she such love did bestow.

Ne'er again sitting near the old window,
Will she know either trouble or fears,
Ne'er again will she watch the red sunset
While her large azure eyes fill with tears ;
She has searched for her " own darling papa,"
Till she's found him at home in the sky,
Where they now dwell united forever,
Singing glory and praises on high.

FAR FROM HOME.

You bid me sing a merry song,
And drive my cares away ;
You cannot bear the saddened look
My face has worn all day ;
You do not like to see me weep,
And wonder why I'm sad,
When I have all I could desire
To make my spirit glad.

REFRAIN.

But far from home, so far from home,
My heart finds no delight ;
I'm sad because so far from home,
I cannot sing to-night.

You do not know, Juanita dear,
How much it costs to part
From all we prize and love at home,—
It makes a bleeding heart.
Sweet memories of hallowed hours
Come like a wave of balm
To soothe my longing soul to-night,
And make my spirit calm.

Then please entreat me not to sing ;
'Twould cause my tears to flow,
Were I to sing the songs I sang
At home so long ago :
I still can see my mother's smile,
And hear her gentle tone,
Oh, may the weary bells of time
Soon chime a "welcome home."

SUNSET AMONG THE ISLANDS.

(DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN WAUGH, B.A.)

THE portals of the summer day
Are closing gently in the distant West ;
The last departing solar ray
Doth with innocuous robe of fire invest
Each grim, silentious rock once more,
And every verdant isle with brighter green ;
Each tree and bush along the shore
With golden-haloed coronet is seen.

The deep, blue billows turn to gold,
And presently they cease their restless swell ;
The waves, that all the day have rolled,
Are pausing to repeat a fond farewell :
At last the gates are closed, and lo,
A silent echo rings, and we behold
The western precincts in a ruby glow,
While eastern twilight banners now unfold.

The blushing isles at length grow dim,
And 'mid a rubied shoal they sink to sleep ;
The tender shaded western rim
Lies interblended with the glimmering deep,
Like some vast jewel-casket, where
Bright gems will blend with variegated hue,
And shade will borrow shade more rare
Until the flashing scene intoxicates the view.

The boat speeds on ; we leave behind
The peaceful, slumb'ring isles ; the whip-poor-will,
Whose music on the evening wind
Forms daylight's closing ritornelle.
Once more, upon the lovely scene,
We cast a fond, admiring, farewell glance,
And when all Nature sleeps serene,
We leave God's islands in His gracious hands.

CANADA.

O CANADA ! dear Canada !
The glorious country of our birth ;
O Canada ! dear Canada !
The fairest flower of all the earth.
Stout hearts have fought for our dear land ;
Stout hands did rear its flag on high,
And oh, to see how proud it waves
Brings tears of joy to every eye.

CHORUS.

O Canada ! dear Canada !
The fairest land of all the earth ;
O Canada ! dear Canada !
God bless the country of our birth !

Our emblem dear, the maple leaf,
Let each Canadian bosom wear !
Nor ever while Canadians live
Let traitor's hand it from us tear !
For it was dearly won by those
Who dared to die like saints and men,
Whose voices echo from the grave,
And bid man dare the same again.

Our noble Queen ! our gracious Queen !
Long may her sceptre hold its sway
O'er us and over our domain ;
For we will never see the day
On which we yield to foreign claim
The homes for which our fathers died ;
For while we live we will uphold
Dear Canada, our boast and pride.

THE GLOAMING.

THE light is slowly fading
Adown the western skies,
The dewy landscape shading
From weary, tired eyes ;
Oh, sing in dulcet cadence
Of Heaven, soft and low,
Till twilight's dusky pinions
Shall fan the stars aglow.

CHORUS.

Then sing to me in the gloaming,
When the dew-drops kiss each flow'r,
And lull me into dreaming
In the holy twilight hour.
In the gloaming, in the gloaming,
Sing of long ago
The tender songs I love, dear sister,
In the gloaming, soft and low.

Mar not the tranquil twilight
With labors of the day ;
The gentle voice of evening
Bids work be laid away.
The pansies' heads are drooping
At evening's dewy close ;
They blend their balmy fragrance
With perfume of the rose.

HOPE.

HOPE, gentle Hope !
Sweet daughter of Light—
This life without thee
Is enveloped in night ;
But where thou hoverest, with thy soft wing,
Filling the soul with thy sweet whispering,
Life is not cheerless and Death has no sting ;
Peace reigns benign.

Hope, tranquil Hope !
No bitter alarm
Can come where thou art,
Thou strong heavenly arm,
Bearing us on 'mid Misfortune's wild foam,
Anchoring safe in the haven of Home,
Lighting our way to the Heavenly Dome,
Offspring Divine !

Hope, blessèd Hope !
We could not abide
In this dreary waste
But for thee, heavenly guide ;
Pointing us upward to Heaven afar,
Bidding us follow, like Bethlehem's star,
Swinging the portals of Eden ajar,
Anchor of God !

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

ONE little deed of kindness done,
One loving accent given
Unto the weary, careworn one,
Is recognized in Heaven.

A sympathetic glance from those
Whom we regard and cherish,
Will oft suffice to soothe our woes,
When we are like to perish.

One evening as the sinking sun
Went down in glowing beauty,
I sighed because I had not done
That day my simple duty.

Upon a couch I sank to rest,
Discouraged and disheartened ;
In body and in soul distressed,
For life seemed so discordant.

A friend stood by, who offered not
A word of consolation,
But taking up a flower-pot,
He, without hesitation,

Placed it before my tired eyes,
With not a word of comment ;
But strongest words from actions rise,—
I read his in a moment.

I looked upon the little plant,
The shamrock, old in fiction ;
The fading rays came in aslant
To breathe a benediction.

Upon the plant, before me placed
With so much kind discretion,
I gazed, and in the action traced
Sweet Sympathy's expression.

My dark despondency was gone ;
The light streamed through my blindness ;
My friend knew not how much he'd done
In that small act of kindness.

FAREWELL TO THE NORLAND WOODS.

DEAR summer haunts, farewell, farewell !

I stand and gaze with moistened eye
Upon the scenes I loved so well

In dreamy, sunny hours gone by ;
I've come to cast a parting look
Upon each dear familiar nook.

Farewell, dear river ! flow in peace

Between thy green riparian shades,
My love for thee shall not decrease—

Though distance hide, thy view ne'er fades ;
The hallowed mem'ries of the past
Shall linger with me to the last.

Thy roaring cataract I heard

At early morn and late at eve,
Sounding, it seemed, the warning word :

" From sin refrain, repent, believe,
Lest thou be hurried to thy doom,
For Time has many a lurking tomb."

Farewell, old rock ! thy cold grey face,

So silent 'neath the cedar boughs,
Has often been the trysting-place

Where I and Nature breathed our vows ;
And often as I knelt in pray'r
I felt that God himself was there.

When wearied with the day's routine
I came to spend a peaceful hour,
'Twas ne'er denied ; that's why, I ween,
I love this solitary bower ;
Secluded fully from the gaze
Of worldly eyes, God claimed my praise.

Dear sylvan dells and sunny glades
My lonely step has often prest,
Continue with your smiles and shades
To bask in Nature's leafy rest ;
Farewell ! I cast a rueful glance
On you, belovèd summer haunts.

The worldly turmoil to avoid,
I sought these shades, and God was near ;
The quiet hours I then enjoyed
Make these sweet groves seem doubly dear ;
For here God's Spirit breathed divine
Communion with this soul of mine.

Thy moss so green and fronded fern,
The nutant lily, virtue-clad,
For whom the world had no concern,
Save praising God and being glad ;
These my companions as I roved
Among the calm retreats I loved.

But they long since have said farewell ;
The sweet young ferns look old and dried ;
And mournful winds the story tell
Of how the tender flowerets died ;
The whisp'ring leaves, too grieved to stay,
Sank down upon their graves to pray.

Yet why am I so loath to part ?
Why sigh to leave these dear retreats ?
The steps that bear us now apart
Are on the way to Eden's seats.
Why entertain a wish to stay ?
Earth's fairest scenes must pass away.

Then, whisp'ring groves and murmuring stream,
And silent, sunny woodland dells,
All lovely as a summer dream,
I bid you many fond farewells !
Long may you weave your rustic spell
To soothe the heart, Farewell, farewell !

THE GLAD SPRING-TIME IS COMING.

THE song-birds carol in the air,
In bush and tree and everywhere ;
The glad spring-time is coming.
The glad spring-time is coming, boys,
With all its sunny, gilded hours ;
The glad spring-time is coming.

The zephyrs whisper tales of love
To flowers beneath and clouds above ;
The glad spring-time is coming.
The glad spring-time is coming, girls,
When lilies bloom and ivies twine ;
The glad spring-time is coming.

The murmuring river 'neath the hill
Takes up the strain and sings at will,
" The glad spring-time is coming."
The glad spring-time is coming, boys,
When houses seem like prison-cells ;
The glad spring-time is coming.

The farmer ploughs the fertile field
In hope of Autumn's ample yield ;
The glad spring-time is coming.
The glad spring-time is coming, girls,
With rich brown earth and meadows green ,
The glad spring-time is coming.

The forest trees send forth their leaves,
The swallows flit about the eaves ;
The glad spring-time is coming.
The glad spring-time is coming, boys,
When woodland shall to woodland call ;
The glad spring-time is coming.

All Nature's vocal with the praise
Of Him who numbers all our days ;
The glad spring-time is coming.
The glad spring-time is coming, girls,
The merriest time of all the year ;
The glad spring-time is coming.

KINDRED HEARTS.

My friend, think not that our true bonds
Of friendship aught can sever ;
They're woven strong, with motives pure,
And therefore they can never
Be sundered by a meaner hand
Than His before whose face we stand.

When kindred spirits blend as one
They have a common feeling,
And common sympathies they own,
Each other's griefs revealing ;
When Truth a sure foundation forms,
The tower of Love will stand the storms.

Be not dismayed when distance hides
Our faces from each other !
Our kindred bosoms still will beat
In harmony together,
'Till cruel worlds have lost their sway,
And we shall meet another day.

IT MATTERS LITTLE.

It matters little where we wander,
Or where our temporary stay,
When our dear Lord is ever with us
To comfort us upon our way.
The North Pole and the South are His,
And all the equatorial clime ;
He reigns supreme in every place,
With equal power throughout all time.

It matters little though the number
Of our earthly friends be small,
When Jesus deigns to walk beside us
As our guide and stay in all.

The same protection He will give
To all who on His word rely—
It matters little where we live,
It matters little where we die.

It matters not where Jacob's ladder
Be placed, if in the East or West,
The angels will descend with blessings—
Though pillowed on a stone to rest—
Upon the wand'rer's dewy brow,
While Jesus standeth at its head ;
A Bethel is where'er we bow
In reverence before our God.

SABBATH MORN.

(DEDICATED TO THE REV. REINHOLD VON FIRCH.)

HAIL, Sabbath morn, with thy translucent sky !
Let no harsh tone disturb thy calm serenity ;
A hush of peace descends while mortals sleeping lie,
And Nature's brow adores the Great Divinity.

The early sun, with bright celestial ray,
Comes gladly smiling from the Orient chambers vast ;
He sendeth forth his golden beams to clear the way
Of all nocturnal shades soft Luna round has cast.

The rip'ning grain, with yellow drooping ear,
Chants its *Te Deum* as the morning breezes sway,
While man, in slumber wrapt, can neither see nor hear
God's holy presence on this early Sabbath day.

Arise, O man ! God's day was never meant
To be consumed on lazy couches with a dream ;
Arise ! and let thy song of praise make its ascent
To Zion's portals, where Jehovah reigns supreme.

O hark ! from yonder village, in the dell,
The perfume-laden zephyrs waft a solemn peal ;
The sweet "Old Story" once again these sounds would tell,
And throngs of earnest worshippers at matin kneel.

Like incense offered in the days of old,
On sacred altars by God's ancient chosen race,
Their joint laudations soar aloft on pinions bold,
And find acceptance there in baptisms of grace.

Sweet Sabbath morn, the whole earth sings with praise !
The boundless universe thrills with beatitude ;
Humanity, with seraphims, their voices raise,
Extolling God to-day with reverent attitude.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

'Twas cold ; the snow was falling fast,
And, as it fell, the chilling blast
Sent it into each creviced nook,
While many a building quaked and shook.
All such as had no cause to go
Outside, into the drifting snow,
Piled up fresh fuel on the fire,
While joyous games their mirth inspire.
'Twas New Year's eve ; yet on the street
Was no one seen, save, on his beat,
The weary watchman, as he paced
The snowy street, and then retraced
His step, again and yet again,
'Till chill his heart and numb his brain.
But just as from St. Mary's tower
The chimes proclaim the midnight hour,
And ere the flickering lights go out,
He hears a step, and turns about
To catch a glimpse of some dark form
That seems to struggle with the storm.
But now 'tis dark ; the chimes have ceased,
The New Year comes with gale increased ;
Yet, filled with wonder and surprise,
And daring scarce to trust his eyes,
He turns the corner to the right,
To see who in that fearful night
Has dared to venture out alone ;
When lo ! he hears a stifled groan,

A sob of anguish, as it were,
Ring out upon the midnight air ;
But whence it came he cannot tell,
Nor that from human lips it fell ;
He listens, but upon his ear
No sound falls, save the wind so drear.
He passes on, nor can his eye
One living, human form descry.
O watchman, hadst thou but delayed,
One moment more thy footsteps stayed
At yonder door, thou shouldst have known
Whence came that strange, mysterious moan ;
But 'tis too late ! The clock strikes one,
And still the storm is raging on ;
While still at yonder threshold, there
Doth crouch a woman in despair.
You ask what brought her to this place,
The drunkard's den, where, in disgrace,
He quaffs his rum, with oath profane,
"Till Satan rules his fiery brain,
And frenzied cries that from him come
Tell of his wild delirium.
Seized with the agony of fear,
Why should she come to seek him here ?
What need to ask ? What should it be
But love that drove her here to see
Where he, who once had vowed his love
And sealed his vow in heaven above,
Could stay so late on such a night ?
And thus for him she dared to fight
The raging elements above ;

For who can measure woman's love?
From early eve, in sore distress
With hunger, cold and loneliness,
Had she with patience watched and prayed
That God would lend His heavenly aid,
And call her husband back again
From all his revelries of sin,
And bring him to his home once more
The sober, pious man of yore.
But as the storm grew loud apace,
With sinking heart and pallid face,
She stood and listened to its roar,
Then knelt again and prayed once more
The Lord might watch with tender care
O'er her three children slumbr'ng there.
Then in the hand of Providence
She placed her charge, and rose at once,
To don a ragged hood and shawl;
Then, turning, kissed her darlings all—
Sleeping upon the naked floor,
With one old blanket covered o'er—
And stepped into the street, alone,
To hear the Old Year's dying groan.
Ah! how the New Year laughed in glee
When he assumed his sovereignty!
Yet those glad chimes upon her fell
Like dreary sound of funeral knell.
The blood congealed within her veins
As she peered through the grimy panes
Into the large saloon, and heard
The boist'rous oath, with every word;

And, as to hold herself erect
She vainly strove, she could detect
A form, in which her watchful eye
Her drunken husband could espy.
Her heart grew sick ; she called his name,
But never from his hellish game
Did he revert his eye to where
His wife was crouching in despair.
The snow fell thick upon her form,
And wildly howled the midnight storm ;
She grew so cold it was in vain
To call to him, she must refrain ;
Her strength was gone ; she felt too weak
To stand erect or try to speak ;
Prone on the step, before the door,
She sank at last and knew no more.
And when next morn, the storm all past,
The New Year sun streamed forth at last,
It fell upon the drunkard's wife
Who, in the storm, had lost her life.
Her prayer was answered, for the Lord
Touched in the drunkard's heart a chord :
The sight of his deserted wife,
Who sacrificed for him her life,
Struck like a dagger at his heart,
For he had played a murd'rer's part.
His life was changed, but while he lived
O'er his devoted wife he grieved.
What pity 'tis that thousands die
Through other men's brutality !
A broken heart, a blighted life—
Lord, pity Thou the drunkard's wife.

THE DRUNKARD'S ORPHAN CHILD.

A LITTLE girl, with golden hair
And eyes of azure hue,
With face of heavenly beauty rare,
Like rose just wet with dew,
Was seen to hurry down the street—
Nor right nor left looked she,
Regardless of the lookers-on
That asked who she might be.

Her tattered dress, her shoeless feet,
Told of a wretched life,
And though so young, so very young—
Her years scarce numbered five,—
Her eyes, like blue forget-me-nots,
Were filled with pearly tears ;
It touched the heart such grief to see
In one of tender years.

She hastened on until she reached
The doctor's door, and then
Stretching her hands she pulled the bell
And rang it yet again.
The good physician soon appeared,
And shocked was he to see
In that wee face of winning grace
Such look of misery.

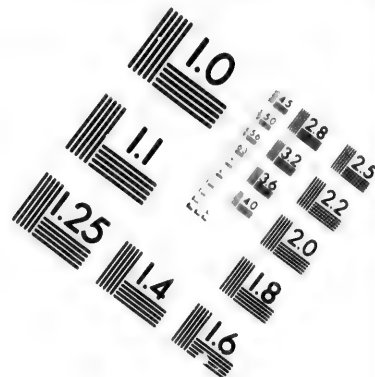
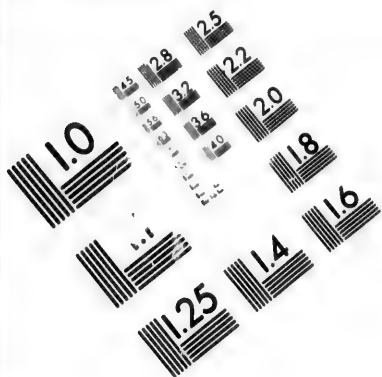
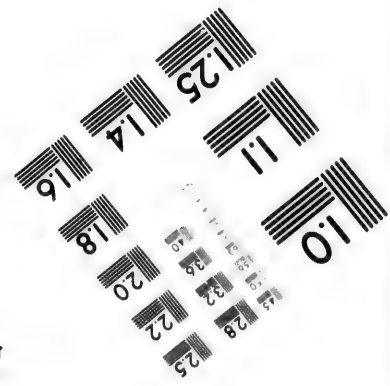
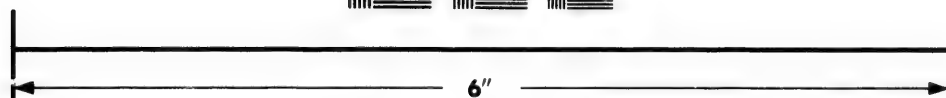
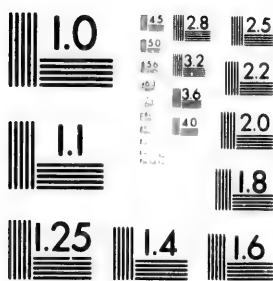
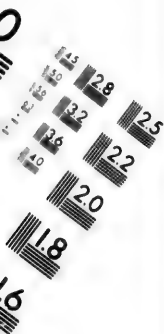


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He took her trembling hand in his,
And urged her to impart
To him the cause of this distress
Which filled her little heart.
This kindness quite o'erpowered her,
And, turning with a cry,
She leaned her head upon his breast,
While tears suffused his eye.

But when she had composed herself,
She told him why she'd come ;
She said, "'Tis for my mother dear,
Who's very sick at home ;
Will you not come and help her, sir,
Though money we have none ?
For mother said she feared she'd die—
O doctor, will you come ?

"If mother died I should die too—
I told the angels so
In my evening prayer and this morning's, too,
And they'll take me home, I know ;
My father died a year ago—
He used to drink and swear,
And go to tavern every night
To spend his money there.

"Until one night he got so drunk
He scarce could walk alone ;
The tavern-keeper turned him out,
His money all was gone ;

He staggered then across the street
And through the blinding storm,
But in the morning, clear and cold,
They found his lifeless form.

“ But now, kind doctor, come with me,
I must no longer stay,
For mother was asleep when I
Stole from her side away ;
She knew not I was coming here,
So I must hurry on,
For fear that she might wake and find
Her little Nellie gone.”

Her mother never more will wake
In that bare garret home,
For while poor Nellie thought she slept,
Her soul to God had flown.
No need of a physician now,
She is beyond his care,
For in His love God called her soul
His glorious home to share.

Yet Nellie thought her still asleep
And kissed her marble cheek,
And cried : “ O mother dear, wake up,
And to your baby speak ! ”
But when she could not make her hear,
Her cries of grief were wild ;
O Lord, look down in pity on
The drunkard's orphan child.

*DON'T GO NEAR THE BAR-ROOM,
BROTHER!*

Don't go near the bar-room, brother !
Follow not the tempter's call,
When he urges you to join him,
Be a hero, do not fall.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother !
Shun the red and sparkling wine,
And avoid the liquor demon,
Look to God for strength divine !

Don't go near the bar-room, brother !
Satan spreads his tempting bait
To allure you to destruction
But to mock your awful fate.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother !
Ask the Lord to overcome
The desire that fills your bosom
For the soul-destroying rum.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother !
Let this warning not offend,
Treat these words as from a sister,
Persevere unto the end.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother !
Jesus weeps if you will go,
Sorrow fills the courts of Heaven,
Rends thy dear ones' hearts below.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother !
Lead a sober, useful life,
Consecrate your powers to Jesus,
Win the vict'ry in the strife.

FEATHERED PATRIOTS.

THE bright and joyous Spring has come again,
And balmy zephyrs sweep o'er hill and plain ;
The fields are decked with verdure, soft and green,
And all around a new young life is seen ;
Sweet harmonies are ling'ring in the air,
And strains of music float from everywhere ;
From sunny skies, back to their northern home,
Our native song-birds have with warblings come ;
Their melodies may still a southern dream retain,—
Their serenade, a strangely foreign trill,—
Yet every song has " Home, sweet Home " for its refrain ;
Canadian birds, forget it not, remain Canadian still ;
No spicy isles or orange groves could lure them to remain ;
Though man may change, and traitor turn, our song-
birds never will.

AUTUMN.

THE sky is dark and dreary,
The ground is strewn with leaves,
The autumn wind so mournfully
Is sighing round the eaves ;
The flowers in the valley,
The blossoms on the hill,
Have yielded all their beauty
To the frost and wintry chill.

The tall stem of the sunflower
Stands desolate and grey ;
The morning-glory on the wall
The frost has swept away ;
The little blue forget-me-nots
Have found an early grave,
And neither rose nor lily pale
Found sheltering hand to save.

The forest champions, all save few,
Have laid their vesture low,
And now are standing quite prepared
To wear a coat of snow ;
The ferns along my pathway
Are robed in russet brown,
And e'en the queenly thistle stands
Robbed of her purple crown.

The bees that swarmed last summer,
And gathered honey sweet,
Have ceased their busy humming,
And sought a safe retreat.
A flock of wild geese flying
Beneath the dark grey skies,
Announce the winter coming,
With melancholy cries.

The birds are winging southward,
To seek a warmer clime,
Where they can sing their own sweet songs,
Till coming of spring-time ;
I see the crows assembled
Upon an old dead tree,
And whatsoe'er their leaders say,
All with a "Caw" agree.

Like distant thunder echo,
A sound breaks on my ear,—
'Tis the startled partridge taking flight
As I approach too near ;
The busy little chipmunk
Is laying up her store
Of sweet and glossy beech-nuts,
Beneath yon sycamore.

This is the hunter's season,—
His heart thrills with delight,—
With dog, and gun, and powder-horn,
He's proud as any knight ;

He roams through pathless woodlands,
O'er mountain and through vale ;
The sturdy trees reverberate
His shots from dale to dale.

Oh, mourn the loss of summer !
'Tis sad to see such change ;
Instead of balmy breezes
We hear the north-wind's range ;
Instead of Nature smiling,
We now behold her frown,
She's laid aside her soft green robe
And donned a sober gown.

But let us wait with patience,
For brighter days will come,
When summer shall again appear
In all her youth and bloom,
To fill with animation
All that now lifeless lies,
An emblem of our mortal flesh,
When we again shall rise.

Though Autumn days be gloomy,
And skies be dark and drear,
Yet 'tis the richest season,
The harvest of the year ;
Then why should sadness seize us,
And dulness dim our mind,
We know, though clouds may hide the sun,
'Tis shining bright behind.

SPRING-TIME.

ONCE again the spring is coming,
And the fields are growing green ;
All along the woods and meadows
Are the wild-flowers to be seen ;
Brightest buttercups and daisies
Strew the way about our feet,
And the little fragrant violet
With its angel-face we greet.

Far above in yonder tree-top,
Listen to the robin's song,
As he warbles on so gaily,
Happy as the day is long.
In the grove the mild spring breezes
Murmur soft a song of love ;
All the air is filled with music,
Earth beneath and sky above.

See the lambkins on the common,
How they run, and frisk, and play,
And the little rippling brooklet
Bear the children's boats away ;
Oh, we hail the merry spring-time,
With its birds, and bees, and flowers,
Nature seems to blend her music
With these happy songs of ours.

SYMPATHY.

IN this earthly field of labor,
Every bosom knows its woe,
Every heart its secret sorrow,
Every eye why tears do flow.
Sympathy there is in plenty,
Such as harder natures know,
But the ruby of compassion
Only can a friend bestow.

Like a warning voice from Heaven,
Fall its beams upon the soul ;
None but friends can touch the heart-strings,
Who with our distress condole,
But the sweetest fount of pity
Lies within the Saviour's breast ;
Humbly let us seek His comfort,
For He knows our trials best.

ROSSEAU.

THE air in the city is stifling and hot,
And one longs for the cool country breeze,
For the lakes and the rivers, the gardens and fields,
For the woods and the grand lordly trees.

Then come, follow me, I would fain lead you where
All the pleasures of Nature abound,
To the North, where Lake Rosseau lies dreaming in peace
'Neath the forests that circle it round.

There's rest on her shores from the turmoil of life ;
Not a sound, save the billows at play,
As they swell like a cadence in music and fall,
At the close of the calm summer day.

The white phantom sails of the fisherman's craft
Glide about like some fair dancing fay,
Till the blue smoky distance envelopes her form,
And she fades like a vision away.

At eve, while the sunset is gilding the woods,
And the birds sing their sweet vesper song,
From the village of Rosseau, adjoining the lake,
Come the shouts of a bright happy throng.

Fair Rosseau, that crowneth the brow of the hill
Overlooking the watery sheen,
Is the haven of happy contentment and peace,
And sits on her throne like a queen.

Each citizen honestly earneth his bread,
For the idler could not there abide ;
There is plenty for all who with industry seek ;
There is health, wealth, and pleasure beside.

The maidens of Rosseau are fair as the morn,
They are womanly, modest, yet bright,
They are model Canadians, true to the core,
And with hearts firmly fixed on the right.

They're clever and skilled in the house-keeping art,
To excel each with diligence tries,
For the fresh northern air makes them active and strong ;
They are winning, and witty, and wise.

For sweet rustic beauty, fair Rosseau ranks first
In Ontario's spacious domain,
For wild and magnificent scenery abounds,
Our admiring attention to claim.

Here the famed Shadow River flows down to the lake --
Like an emblem of peace it doth glide,
Reflecting the willows and sweet-smelling ferns
Which gracefully droop o'er its side.

At eve, when the dew-drops are falling like tears,
It is there, by this motionless tide,
Lovers sit in the shelter of low leafy boughs,
While the whip-poor-will sings at their side.

'Cross this shadowy stream, with its soft dreamy wave,
Comes a mingled confusion of sounds,
Where "Maplehurst" rises to shelter the guests
Strolling gaily about in her grounds.

For tourists delight in these grand rural scenes,
So romantic, so wild, and so free ;
It is there we behold our Creator Divine,
Whose hand formed the earth and the sea.

ROWLAND TAYLOR.

AMONG the list of ancient martyrs
That died at stake or by the sword,
Or suffered Inquisition tortures
In persecution for the Lord,
Cannot be found a name more worthy
Than, Rowland Taylor, is thine own ;
Thy faith rose as on wings of eagles,
Aloft to thy Redeemer's throne.

What were thy thoughts that dull grey morning,
When old St. Botolphs thou didst near,
And heardst the voice of thy dear children,
"Our father's led away from here !"
And when thy wife called, "Rowland, Rowland !
Oh, tell me, husband, where thou art !"
Didst thou not feel a pang of sorrow
From thy belovèd ones to part ?

What history gives an hour more sacred
Than, when before the old church door,
Together with thy wife and daughters,
Thou didst thy soul to God outpour ?
The sheriff's heart was filled with pity,
His eyes grew moist, he wept apace,
When he beheld thy calm demeanor,
And heard the spoken words of grace.

What tender mutual expressions
Were uttered in that parting hour !
What cheering words of consolation,
Inspired by God's celestial power !
And even when at Oldham Common—

The place where thou shouldst meet thy doom—
Thy soul o'erflowed with words of triumph :
"Thank God, I'm even now at home !"

A sadder sight was never witnessed,
More bitter tears were never shed,
Than when thy flock beheld their shepherd
Through Hadleigh's gates a prisoner led.
Oh ! what a burst of lamentation,
When they beheld the silver hair
Of him who was their faithful vicar,
But could their griefs no longer share !

Even in thy hour of dissolution
Thy lips did kiss the cruel stake,
And when the flames consumed their victim,
Thy Christian spirit did not quake ;
With folded arms and eyes directed
Towards Heaven, whence thy help should come,
Thou stoodst in waiting for thy Master,
Who now should take thy spirit home.

And when thy countenance was battered
Until thy visage streamed with gore,
Thou bor'st it with angelic meekness,
Thy heavenly Master to adore.

To him who cast the cruel fagot,
Thy patient words were simply these:
"My friend, I have enough to suffer;
Why need thy blow my pain increase?"

No cry of pain thy soul did utter,
Unflinching, while the red flames spread,
Till—as a final brutal action—
The halbert cleft thy saintly head;
Thy spirit then, on wings of glory,
Rose upward from the murderous scene,
To hear the "Well-done" of the Master,
"Thou hast a faithful servant been."

THE BROOK.

RIPPLE, ripple, ripple,
Goes the little brook,
Ripple, ripple, ripple,
Backward casts no look;
On through vale and woodland,
And flow'ry meadows green,
Staying not its progress
To see or to be seen.

Ripple, ripple, ripple,
By the grey old mill ;
Ripple, ripple, ripple,
Sounds beneath the hill ;
Oh, whence hast thou arisen ?
Where was thy cradle-bed ?
Who bore thee, infant streamlet ?
Say where thy fountain-head ?

Ripple, ripple, ripple,
Bubbling on its way ;
Ripple, ripple, ripple,
Hark ! I hear it say :
O foolish man, why dwellest thou
On themes of long ago ?
Pass by the old, take up the new,
Time's fleeting, let me go.

Ripple, ripple, ripple,
So it babbles by ;
Ripple, ripple, ripple,
'Neath the azure sky.
Then pleasant be thy rural path,
O'er flowery mead and vale,
And may thy peaceful murmurs breathe
Their love-song on the gale.

ADIEU TO A SCHOOL-ROOM.

A MERRY Christmas and happy New Year
To all who here do meet !
'Tis an ancient wish, yet ever new,
With which our friends we greet.
Tho' another year has passed away,
With all its joys and cares ;
Tho' another term of work and play
Has vanished unawares ;
Yet memory is ever green,
And blossoms out anew.
We'll not forget the old school-room,
Though now we say Adieu ;
Nor the teacher who so patiently
With our short-comings bore,
And sought with unrelaxing zeal
T' increase our learning's store.

OH, FOR HOME !

OH, for the comforts of home !
For the words of a dear loving mother !
While oft among strangers we roam,
We can trust her as never another.

Oh, for the kind words of love !
For the balm of a mother's affection,
Which bears us to God's throne above,
And commends us to Heaven's protection !

Others, though friends they may be,
May mistrust us, but mother will never ;
No matter what faults she may see,
Her affection endureth forever.

Oh, for the bliss of the hearth,
Which, surrounded by sister and brother,
By far is the best spot on earth !
It has charms that we find in no other.

No hearth as our own is so dear,
Though some may be grander by far ;
What joy in its innocent cheer,
With nothing the gladness to mar !

And oh, for the Evening Prayer,
Which to Heaven at twilight ascends,
When we pray that our Father may bless
And hold in His arm our dear friends.

Why then must our hearts feel such pain ?
Why come these remembrances thronging ?
Ah, why must our lonely refrain
Be forever for home filled with longing ?

Oft when the dim twilight draws nigh,
And the night-dews upon us come stealing,
For home, oh, how often we sigh,
With the deepest and tenderest feeling.

Oh, for those sweet evenings at home
With the loved while the sun is declining,
While out on the sky's azure dome,
The stars in their beauty are shining !

Hope seems like a beacon to burn,
When back from the day's distant roaming,
To home our tired footsteps we turn,
In the magical hour of the gloaming.

TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS.

(DEDICATED TO "THE PRINCESS.")

WHEN the gloaming deepens softly,
And the western rim of light
Groweth fainter, as it foldeth
'Neath the draperies of night,
And the verdant banks, reflected
With a symmetry complete,
Dreaming of to-morrow's sunshine,
Or of lovers as they meet ;

Gazing on the placid river,
Basking in the shimmering gloom,
Some mysterious, sad, sweet tremor,
Echoes through my bosom's room :

Such intense resistless longing
Steals across my weary soul ;
Memories come o'er me thronging,
Feelings I can scarce control.

Tenderly the strains of music,
Wakened by a sister's hand,
With their soft and swelling cadence,
Tell me of a fairer land.
This world's joys are but a series
Of delusions on our way,
They but leave us melancholy,
Sadden us from day to day.

But for those immortal heroes
Who sustained the cause of right,
We should oft grow so discouraged
As to falter in the fight ;
But when we behold those beacons
On the shoals of grim despair,
We press forward and grow stronger,
Even in the midst of care.

Like a light, those noble natures
Shed a gleam through earthly gloom,
And we cannot help but follow,
Yet once more the cross resume ;
They have fought the battle bravely,
They have won the victor's crown,
Why should we not also conquer ?
Why not win the same renown ?

Though we oft grow weak and weary,
For the lack of sympathy,
And the dearth of noble natures,
And the press of misery ;
Yet, as gold grows more resplendent,
As the flames wax more intense,
So a noble soul, 'mid trials,
Soars to greater eminence.

*THE WRECK OF THE FRENCH SLOOP-
OF-WAR, "LA RENOMMÉE."*

COLD was the weather, dark was the night,
Wild raged the storm in St. Lawrence's Gulf ;
High rose the vessel, then sank as in fright ;
Fierce yawned the sea like a half-famished wolf.

Near Anticosti, a mile from the shore,
Nothing to warn them, not even a light ;
Naught but destruction behind and before,
Rocks all around and above them the night ;

Three-score and five men, the gallant ship's crew,
Sank on their knees to prepare for their doom ;
Quietly bidding each other adieu,
Ere they would sink to their watery tomb.

Crash ! went her timber, down went each spar ;
Torn were her flag and her sails fore and aft ;
Down 'neath the surf sank the French sloop-of-war,
While the sea boiled o'er the ill-fated craft.

Safe in the row-boats, no soul of them lost,
All had reached safely the desolate shore ;
But as the morning revealed the bleak coast,—
Nothing but rock and a wild sea before,—

Sank their brave spirits, great was their fear,
There should they perish with hunger and cold ;
No sign of life could they see far or near,
Naught could they hear save the sea as it rolled.

There through the winter, then fast coming on,
Can they exist on that desolate isle ?
Barely enough of provisions for one,
Nothing to keep them from freezing the while.

Rescued from drowning only to die,
Slowly but surely, a terrible death !
Raiment was scarce, and no store of supply,
Numb were their limbs with the north-wind's fierce breath.

Sickness and fever crowned their distress,
Half of their number were soon called away ;
Dying afar on the bleak island rock,
Dead by dead ashes unburied they lay.

Terror and horror now seized on the rest ;
Forty leagues round the monotonous shore,
Coasted the castaways, sorely distressed,
Seeking for aid they would find nevermore.

Finding no sheltering spot to abide,
Madly in two little boats they set forth,
Twelve leagues to battle with tempest and tide,
Eager to reach Mingan Isle to the north.

There they had heard that some men were encamped,—
Men from their Fatherland, fishers from France ;
Five days at sea and the “jolly boat” swamped,
Thirteen sank into the billows at once.

Then, to their horror, the ice setting in
Soon forced the others to beat a retreat
Back to the desolate rocks where they'd been ;
Saddened, yet bravely they bore their defeat.

Seventeen only were they who survived
Shipwreck and fever, starvation and cold ;
Now once again at the bleak coast arrived,
Only to suffer misfortunes untold.

All hope of rescue now disappeared ;
Here, till the tardy Canadian spring,
Must they abide in the huts they had reared,
Or until Providence succor should bring.

Two pounds of flour, all mouldy and damp,
Two pounds unsavory fox-meat per day,—
Such were the rations remaining the camp,
The hunger of seventeen men to allay !

Thinner and paler, and weaker each day,
Madly the hunger-fiend stared from their eyes ;
One, then another, soon wasted away ;
God in His pity at length heard their cries.

Less grew their number, less and still less,
Silently dying alone and unwept ;
Every day but increased the distress
Of the small circle whose lives were still kept.

Too ill for dying, too weak to live,
Ghastly they gazed on their comrades who lay
Dead by their side, yet unable to give
Burial rites to the corpses were they.

Scarce could they move the poor bodies away,
Place them away in a deep drift of snow ;
There in the spring-time unburied they lay,
Fourteen stark bodies all placed in a row.

Three men still lived, when at length to their aid
Came unexpected an Indian band ;
Rescued the few, their sad tale to relate,
When they in safety had brought them to land.

THE MUSKOKA PIONEER.

(DEDICATED TO UNCLE GEORGE.)

WHEN I came to Muskoka a long time ago,
To make there a home for myself,
'Twas a desolate spot—no neighbor had I
Save the wild-cat, the bear, and the wolf.

I had naught but my axe, my gun, and some food,
A hammer, some nails, and my knife ;
I sat the first night by a red blazing pile,
For to sleep would imperil my life.

So long seemed the hours of that first dreadful night,
Afar in the backwoods alone,
I had made up my mind, to forsake the next morn
The "free grant" that I held as my own.

But, at length, when the sky in the East colored red,
My spirits returned with the light ;
I took up my axe and I chopped down a tree,—
'Twas my challenge to Nature to fight.

I soon cleared a spot about ninety feet square,
And then I commenced cutting logs,
Which I carried together to build me a house
That looked like a pen for the hogs ;

The walls snugly chinked with the moss of the woods,
To keep out the snow and the cold ;
The roof made of troughs laid concave and convex,
Afforded me comforts untold.

My floor I had made of the best hemlock bark,
And an aperture made in the wall
Did the service of both for window and door,
Which at night I pinned shut with a shawl.

When I found I had finished my cabin complete,
And made it as snug as I could,
At night I could sleep without bodily fear
Of the wild beasts that lurked in the wood.

The whole summer long, with my axe in my hand,
I cut down the maple and pine,
From the grey dawn of morn till the stars shone at
night,
And the best of provisions were mine.

For a dainty fresh steak I would shoulder my gun,
And bring down a buck or a hind,
For no law interfered, as it has to do now,
And I shot all the game I had mind.

Then the autumn days came with their storms and
their rains,
And forced me to leave my abode ;
I returned to my friends—quite a hero, I thought,
Such praises on me were bestowed.

That winter my brother persuaded became
To share my small cabin with me,
And another, the loved above all, too, agreed,
To go with me where'er I might be.

So the next spring, in March, I began to prepare
A good store of things we might need,—
Some provisions, and clothing, and various tools,
And grain and potatoes for seed.

Then a strong yoke of oxen conveyed my things home,
And rough was the way through the woods ;
We thought it a common occurrence to see
Our sleigh bottom up on our goods.

For our route lay through forest, o'er stone and o'er log,
O'er hill, and through swamp, and through mire ;
Not a guide did we have save the moss on the trees,
Not a being of whom to inquire.

When footsore and weary we came to our home,
My wife, who her part bore with cheer,
At the sight of a dwelling so rough and uncouth,
Could no longer refrain from a tear.

What a pang of regret filled my heart at the sight—
I felt now how selfish I'd been
To imagine that Jenny could live with me here,
So far from her friends and her kin.

She was gentle and beautiful, honest and true,
Her soul was as pure as a star,
But she never had known either hardship or want,
And I knew in her bosom was war.

But no sooner perceived she my look of despair,
Than her face brightened up with a smile,—
“Oh, forgive me,” she cried, “for I ought not to weep,
When your utmost you've done all the while ;

“And I know that together we happy shall be,
God will be with His own, never fear”—
And with this she proceeded to get our first meal,
When I'd kissed out of sight every tear.

That repast we enjoyed, though no table nor chair
Had we got—so we sat on the floor
With our cups in our hands, and our plates on our
knees,—
And contentedly asked for no more.

Our repast being over, I straightway began
To break up some boxes for shelves,
While my brother went out our good oxen to feed,
But, alas, they had both helped themselves.

For we found that, while we had been eating inside,
They'd busied themselves with the sleigh,
Where they soon found the oats we had brought in the
bags,
And devoured them with little delay.

But when evening came on we felt settled indeed,
Though our bedsteads of saplings were made,
And for chairs and a table we'd felled a pine tree,
And its blocks to our kitchen conveyed.

Then the next day a warm little stable we built,
And also, I must not forget
That we built us an oven of stone and of clay,
For a stove we had not got as yet.

But to cook our plain meals and to heat our small cot,
The fire-place I'd built me before
Did good service still, and we cut into planks
A beech, and constructed a door.

In a fortnight we had all our chief wants supplied,
The snow now had quite disappeared,
So the next step we took was to burn up the brush,
And ere long we had six acres cleared.

But now, when the weather grew balmy and warm,
And birds sang with gladness and joy,
We were greatly disturbed by those self-bidden guests,
The mosquitoes, that ever annoy.

The new settler, who comes with abundance of pluck
To establish himself on new land,
Finds them, small as they are, out well armed for the
fight,
A foe it is hard to withstand.

Yet these lancers we found were but first in the fight,
They came, singing songs, to the fray ;
But in time they were vanquished, though few had
been slain,
For the climate wrought death and dismay.

But scarce had they left us when black flies arrived,
Great armies for action quite smart ;
Their uniforms black, and their leggings snow-white,
Were enough to strike fear to each heart.

But another host, even more mischievous still
Than either the others had been,
Came to plague us by night and beset us by day,
For they claimed every inch of our skin.

But enough of mosquitoes and all other foes,—
Ourselves just a word, ere we part,
How we carried our purchases forty long miles
On our backs from Orillia, our mart.

We had oxen, of course, but the roads were so rough,
In fact, they were no roads at all ;
In winter the snow kept us prisoners close,
While the mire was knee-deep in the fall.

Let me tell you, my friends, those were pretty hard
times,
And yet we were happy withal,
But such wonderful changes have since taken place,
You can form no idea at all

What it meant to bring flour home for thirty-five miles
On a hand-sleigh—no road but a trail—
Or to carry a stove on two poles fifteen miles,
Or to walk twenty miles for your mail.

'Tisn't true, did you say ? 'Tis as true as I'm born,
And ten times as much as I've said,
But such times are now past, when the first settlers lived
Upon berries, young greens, or bran bread.

Now Muskoka is swarming with folks from the towns,
Who are seekers of pleasure, they say ;
Well, I wish them enjoyment, but when I came first
'Twas all work, and no time left for play.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A HERO?

WHAT constitutes a hero?
Some great and mighty deed?
The winning of a battle,
Where countless thousands bleed?
It may be so;
But this I know,
There's many a splendid hero
Who never saw the grand display
Of armies, mustered in array,
For stern decree of duty.

What constitutes a hero?
The saving of a life
From death, by fire or water?
Such actions men extol,
And well they may—
But still I say
The world has many a hero
More glorious still and nobler far,
Whose vict'ries all unheeded are
By worldly acclamation.

What constitutes a hero?
A man who bears his lot
In sorrow and misfortune,
Resigned, and falters not,

Who stands alone,
Yet holds his own ;
A pillar in temptation ;
Who recompenses hate with love ;
Whose daily walk points men above ;
He is the splendid hero.

What constitutes a hero ?
A spirit undismayed
When bruised by earthly losses,
And destitute of aid ;
Who smiles instead,
And looks ahead
And struggles bravely onward ;
Whose virtue stands the test of life,
And is ennobled through the strife ;
He is indeed a hero.

What constitutes a hero ?
He who is good and true,
And by the world unbiased,
Will dare the right pursue ;
Who can't be bought
To stoop to aught
Ignoble or dishonest,
E'en though allured by worldly pelf ;
Keeps firm control of Giant Self ;
He constitutes a hero.

PARTING.

WE now must part, perhaps on earth no more to meet,
And all our cozy fireside chats are now forever o'er ;
But memory, like a fragrant flower, will e'er be sweet,
Nor lose its perfume though we see each other here no
more.

'Twill cost a sigh, a tear, a swelling of the heart ;
But friendship's cord is like a strong elastic band
Which will not break : though we on earth may have to part,
It binds us one with those who've reached the better land.

When friends are dear, 'tis true it costs a wrench of pain
To bid farewell to those whom we have learned to love ;
But though we part a while, we hope to meet again
Where parting-time ne'er comes, in our dear Father's
house above.

Like ships that leave the self-same port to sail the sea,
And often steer in divers courses 'cross the foam,
Are sundered far, until from every peril free,
Once more they meet within the sunny harbor of their
home ;

So we who now must part to steer a different course
Upon the sea of life, through bright and cloudy days,
May never meet again, in long and weary years,
Until we anchor cast to dwell at home in love always.

Dear friends ! I ask of you to keep a kindly thought
For her who pays this tribute, with a moistened eye,
And in your pray'rs I hope you will forget me not,
Nor when you sing the hymns I sang with you on eves
gone by.

Now may the Lord be with you all until the end,
And bless and prosper you and yours forever more !
May He protect you with His own kind bounteous hand
Until we meet again, on Heaven's delightful shore !

THE UNION OF THE CREEDS.

(DEDICATED TO THE REV. ALEXANDER M'AULEY.)

I WAS musing one day upon various themes
Of the past and the present, and times yet to be ;
Till my reveries ended in slumber, it seems,
For the vision I had was a strange one to me,
Yet as real as life, and I cannot but think
'Twas a glimpse of the dawn of that glorious day,
When contentions of Creed in oblivion shall sink,
And a grand universal religion hold sway.

I was standing, methought, on a mountain so high
That my vision extended to earth's farthest zone,
From the isles where perpetual summer-dreams lie,
To the ice-girdled Poles where the storms ever moan ;

'Twas at daybreak, I thought, and the Orient glowed
With a delicate blending of amber and green ;
While a rose-tinted shimmer the heavens o'erflowed,
Like devotion's soft breath from a presence unseen.

While I wond'ringly gazed at the portals of Dawn,
I was greatly amazed and I trembled with fear ;
For behold ! such a mighty assembly had drawn
Round the mount, as I looked, from afar and a-near ;
They began to ascend to the summit at last,
And I saw as they neared that each ven'erable brow,
With a shade of perplexity sadly o'ercast,
Bore the name of its owner, his mission, and now

As I read, I perceived 'twas a concourse of Creeds—
They had gathered together from lands far away,
That they now might discourse on a subject "which needs
Must be settled," they cried, "without further delay."
There were divers opinions which must be discussed ;
There were errors to shun, there was wisdom to gain ;
But end their contentions they will and they must,
So each sought the other's good-will to obtain.

What concessions were made and what views were exchanged,
And what forms were renounced or what victories won,
Need not here be rehearsed ; but when all was arranged,
I perceived that the day was now fairly begun,
And the first golden beam lit the mountain's dark crest,
When a stir in this brilliant assembly arose,
And in one common brotherhood, blessing and blest,
With a hand-shake agreed their convention to close.

And I noticed how one and another shook hands,
Presbyterian and Methodist, each for his Creed ;
They had always been neighbors, for both owned great lands,
But now they were brothers in word and in deed ;
And the sunlight streamed brighter as Luther and Fox
Clasped the hands of the Creed of Britannia's Queen,
And immediately after of Wesley and Knox,
And the Creed of the Baptist took part in the scene.

'Twas a glorious sight to my wondering view ;
And the light grew more brilliant as each one came forth,
His Divinely-formed Fellowship-bond to renew,
Till the earth glowed with joy from the south to the north.
There were hundreds of Creeds besides those I have named,
Congregational, Christian, and last, but not least,
Rose the Catholic Creed, and with triumph proclaimed
That he, too, was now ready from strife to desist.

Then a halo of Love and of Heavenly Peace
Seemed to circle each brow that had lately been sad ;
And they vowed that their fellowship never should cease,
And the song that they raised not an equal e'er had ;
And the sky grew so radiant, the sunlight so fair,
All the world seemed to glow in a newly-found light ;
There was gladness on earth, there was joy in the air,
That all shades of dissension had passed with the night.

And the deep murmured "Glory," the continents sang,
And the isles of the sea shouted "Peace evermore!"
Till the universe trembled and Heaven's arch rang
With a jubilee never experienced before ;

I awoke—and behold it was only a dream !
For how many an innocent martyr still bleeds
For the forms of HIS church, though already the gleam
Of the dawn is at hand, for the Union of Creeds.

FIRESIDE REVERIES.

THE evening was cold and unpleasant ;
I was seated alone by the fire,
And was watching the dusk grow to darkness,
As daylight began to expire ;
And when night, in due time, with her shadows,
Cast a dark veil of rest over all,
I reverted my glance to the firelight
That fantastically played on the wall.

'Tis strange how our thoughts sometimes wander
Even back to our earliest years,
Till the train of events in our mem'ry
Like a long drawn-out vista appears.
There are scenes in the grand panorama,
There are views that are cherished most dear,
Upon which fancy's eye loves to linger,
Though they oft cause regret and a tear.

I scarcely can tell how it happened,
That upon that particular night
I was thinking of all my past history,
Of the dark days as well as the bright :
I imagined I saw myself kneeling
For the first time beside mother's knee,
And repeating, in half-uttered language,
The prayer she was teaching to me.

That prayer, oh, how well I remember,
Every word is engraved on my soul ;
'Twas the first step I took to salvation—
And through prayer I would still reach my goal.
I could see the green fields and the garden
Where in childhood so often I roved ;
I could see the old home and the orchard,
With its tall cherry trees that I loved.

I saw—let me dwell on this vision,
For I love it, I love it so much—
When the day had declined with its labors,
And the twilight, with delicate touch,
Laid her hand on the pale fragrant lilies,
'Till they hung their white heads as they dreamed,
And the moon, in the still summer heavens,
Like the sleeping world's sentinel seemed.

How, when in the evening, dear father
Had completed his daily routine,
And was seated upon the verandah,
By my mother, with sister between,

And myself on a foot-stool reclining—
'Twas my favorite place when a child—
With my head in the lap of my mother,
Thus was many an evening beguiled.

Then, too, we would often together
Sing a favorite hymn or a song,
And a story from one of our number
Made the evening pass swiftly along.
Those were days I review with fond pleasure—
Oh, sweet are the mem'ries of youth!—
And I now feel how strong was their power
To instil love of virtue and truth.

But next came a different vision,
Not so bright as the others had been,
Nor as full of delight and life's sunshine,
Yet as dear as the blithest I've seen.
'Tis not only the bright days of summer
That cause the rich harvest to grow,
But rough winds and the changes of the seasons,
The rain, yea, the frost and the snow.

And the soul needs a season of sorrow,
Perchance e'en the chill of a grave,
To prepare it to fruit at God's bidding,
Make it noble and holy and brave.
'Twas the grave in a lone little church-yard,
Where the snowy-white marbles do gleam
As mementos of those we once cherished,
Ere they left us to ford Death's dark stream.

This grave seems to link me to Heaven—
Though 'tis many a year since 'twas made—
'Tis the grave of a dear little brother,
Who one cold winter day there was laid.
I can yet see the curls on his forehead,
Like a halo of heavenly light,
And his dark eyes so full of affection
When he kissed me that last time good-night.

My grief was so deep and so lasting
That as tribute I still pay a tear,
Though I'm glad he's been spared all the trials
That await every sojourner here ;
But I loved him—such love is immortal,
It extends far beyond the grave's brink,
And the thought of my sweet angel brother
Forms 'twixt Heaven and me a strong link.

But as I returned to the present,
With a glance at the years just gone by,
I observed some of life's brightest pictures
To be covered or screened from my eye.
I began to examine them closely,
To divest them of all their dark screens,
And I found that the denser the covering,
More charming and precious the scene.

The joys I had oft thought perfection
Proved a sad disappointment to me ;
And what oft I had called an affliction,
Was a blessing discovered to be.

There are times when our lives are so clouded
That we cannot, in full, comprehend
All the ways of the all-seeing Father,
But they all have a definite end.

Though life seems more real and more earnest,
As my labors I daily pursue,
And I oft meet with things that perplex me,
As this life I am journeying through ;
Yet I would not exchange it for childhood,
With its innocent joys unconfined,
There is pleasure in honest employment
And in being of use to mankind.

Though many a task comes before me,
In appearance both frowning and fierce,
Yet the harder the labor the sweeter
The rest, when the evening appears.
But the pleasures of youth are not idle,
We should weary of life very soon
Were it not for the dews of our childhood,
For the morning must come ere the noon.

It soothes like a balm the sad spirit,
To reflect on our youth's happy day ;
But, alas ! as on eagle's swift pinions,
Pass the hours of life's morning away,
Leaving naught but a sweet recollection,
Growing dimmer as years glide along ;
But their echoes sink into our bosoms
Like the last lingering chords of a song.

THE PATH OF DUTY.

(DEDICATED TO THE REV. J. ROBINSON.)

No sooner have our lives begun,
Than we two paths discover;
A path of sunshine seems the one,
Of threatening clouds the other.
The path we see at our right hand,
Shows naught of joy or beauty;
The one the path of Pleasure, and
The other that of Duty.

At once two sign-posts meet our view ;
The first, in blood-red letters,
Bids us the darker path pursue,
And thus escape Death's fetters;
The other, with its legend bright,
Declares there is no danger,
And promises a fruitage rare,
To tempt the pilgrim stranger,

We gaze upon the former sign,
This road leads to "Salvation ;"
And on the other sign we read,
"The City of Damnation."
The right has many a precipice ;
The left road is so even
That we declare the bright one is
The safest road to Heaven.

We stand a moment quite perplexed,
And look in both directions,
Until, our sinful hearts grown vexed,
We see no strong objections
Why we should not pursue the way
On which such myriads wander,
Apparently in bliss each day,
And shun dark Duty yonder.

Damnation's road is very broad,
Salvation's path is narrow;
But this leads to the joys of God,
The other leads to sorrow.
The darkest part of Duty's road
Is just at the beginning;
So easy 'tis to go astray,
So easy to be sinning.

Our eyes are blinded by the light
Of this world's false condition,
It veils our sight in blackest night
To every true fruition;
But as we turn from all the glare
Of vain and empty pleasure,
Our souls experience joys more rare,
And in a fuller measure.

The road we thought so dark and drear,
We find not all so lonely;
The swollen streams that caused our fear,
Are little brooklets only.

The mountain-storms we dreaded so,
The foes to triumph o'er us,
Prove not so dreadful as we go,
Since Jesus went before us.

His footprints mark our forward way,
We cannot pass them over ;
As we draw nearer home each day,
More blessings we discover.
Though oft the clouds loom o'er our heads,
There's many a burst of beauty
To cheer the Christian as he treads
The sacred Path of Duty.

A SPRING EVENING.

(TO A FRIEND.)

THE bright and glorious orb of day has set,
And solemn silence hovers o'er the land,
The grass and flowers now with the dew are wet,
And Nature rests beneath her Maker's hand.

The long and busy toil of day is o'er,
The weary workman seeks his happy home ;
The merry laugh of youth is heard no more,
And e'en the streamlet sings in lower tone,

The tiny cricket dares alone to mar
With strident voice, so piercing, loud and shrill,
The hushed repose of evening's hallowed hour :
While from the willow trills the whip-poor-will.

The gay aerial warblers long have sought
Their happy nests, in some kind woodland shade,
Their melodies are for the hour forgot,
The merry notes that cheered the flowery glade.

Each silv'ry star its station doth assume,
According to its great Creator's will,
And o'er the tree-tops yonder peers the moon,
While shadows gather deep behind the hill.

The evening air is laden with the scents
Of snowy blooms that robe the orchard trees,
Of bursting buds, and fern, and moss, and flower,
Exhaling all their sweetness to the breeze.

And see ! in yonder distance doth arise
A silv'ry mist, which spreads o'er vale and plain,
Like a mute prayer ascending to the skies,
To seek Heaven's care till morning dawns again.

So may we, too, commend ourselves to God
At close of day, and from our hearts ascend,
Like sweetest perfume, to His high abode,
Meek praise and prayer for blessings without end.

ON THE LAKE.

MERRILY over the glassy lake,
Our boat glides swiftly along,
Our hearts are touched by rapture's hand,
And we'll fill the air with song.
Sing, brothers, sing ! let the loud echoes ring
Till the woods respond in chorus ;
Sing, sisters, sing ! let your sweet voices ring,
As the twilight falls softly o'er us.

CHORUS.

We're merrily, merrily gliding along,
Our oars keep time to our joyful song ;
We're merrily, merrily gliding along,
While the silence of night is falling.

Brilliantly sparkles the evening star,
There's a crimson streak in the West ;
The whip-poor-will calls from her woodland bower,
With the love that warms her breast.
Sing, brothers, sing ! let the loud echoes ring
Till the woods respond in chorus ;
Sing, sisters, sing ! let your sweet voices ring,
As the twilight falls softly o'er us

Joyously hail we the golden moon
Far up the blue heaven creep,
While a silv'ry mist along the shore,
Proclaims the earth asleep.

Sing, brothers, sing ! let the loud echoes ring
O'er the silent lake so glorious ;
Sing, sisters, sing ! let your sweet voices ring
Through the sweet night air in chorus.

THE DYING FISHERMAN.

ALL round is still in the early dawn,
No busy life is heard ;
The gentle breezes that stir in the trees,
Arouse but the sleeping bird.

Yon crimson glow in the eastern sky
Proclaims the day at hand ;
The golden orb sends a flood of light
To illumine the slumb'ring land.

Sweet odors from the violet beds,
And lilies of the vale,
Fill all the air with perfume sweet,
And the rose wafts her balm on the gale.

But in yon cot below the hill,
Another morn must rise ;
The weary watch of the long night o'er,
On his death-bed the fisherman lies.

The whole night long his wandering speech
Was of the murmuring sea,
And of a ship in dire distress—
The cries of her crew heard he.

The whole night long his faithful wife
Has bathed his fevered brow,
And smoothed his pillow o'er and o'er :
But the fever has left him now.

His children three are standing round
And weeping bitterly,
For soon the father they love so well
Must enter Eternity.

Their little hearts are full with grief,
They kiss their father's cheek,
His feeble hand caresses them,
Yet he has not the strength to speak.

But suddenly a light divine
His countenance o'erspread,
He bade them their sorrowful weeping cease
And give thanks to the Lord instead.

"I soon shall rest from every pain,
Be free from every care,
Farewell, my dearly beloved ones !"
But his tremulous voice failed there.

His eyelids closed, he sank in sleep
On earth no more to wake ;
A better day had risen for him,
Where the weary limbs ne'er ache.

A sunbeam stole into the room,
And mantled o'er his brow ;
The morning breeze through the window came,
But it failed to refresh him now.

No longer could the faithful wife
Her scalding tears restrain,
Sore wept she, and cried to her Lord for strength
Till she rose with a meek "Amen."

LONELINESS.

OH, that the heart could speak the pain,
The aching pain, the silent pain,
That lies within its hidden depths ;
Like some cold serpent coiled in sleep,
In treach'rous sleep, in waking sleep,
Whose very presence poisons life.

The cold looks of a cruel world,
A weary world, a lonely world,
Congeal the warming drops of life ;
Till like the Arctic seas our souls,
Our tired souls, our longing souls,
Become a human mass of ice.

Or else if naught can freeze the fount,
The heart's deep fount, affection's fount,
God-given and by Him supplied ;
We journey on and bear the cross,
The heavy cross, the Master's cross,
Throughout this world with Him alone.

Till free at last He calls us home,
Our heavenly home, our peaceful home,
Where loneliness is felt no more ;
Where no more longing sighs for friends,
For faithful friends, for tender friends,
Escape the bosom then at rest.

Where from the strangers' careless eyes,
Their cruel eyes, their soulless eyes,
We find a hiding-place with God ;
Oh, that the time may not be long,
So dark and long, so very long,
Ere friendship's lasting days shall dawn.

SILENT ELOQUENCE.

As through the valley of this changeful life,
We slowly plod with weary feet along,
And meet with constant cares and worldly strife,
That sadden us amid a heartless throng,

We often sigh and look around in vain,
If there be one in all the countless host
Whom we can trust, whose friendship we can gain ;
But none we find, when one we long for most.

Sometimes we meet with one who also scans
Like us the broader outlook for a friend ;
Then eye to eye we read each other's glance,—
Our kindred thoughts at once we comprehend.

No need of words when heart to heart responds ;
Our careful efforts would but be in vain,
To reach with idle words the souls beyond,
Whose mystic unity none can explain.

The mirror of our passions is the eye,
The eloquence that trembles in the breast ;
What circumstances to the lips deny,
Is often by its light or shade expressed.

A warm and tender clasping of the hand,
Speaks volumes to the understanding mind ;
No human tongue can ample words command,
To say what ne'er was meant to be defined.

DOST THOU EVER THINK OF ME?

SONG.

WHEN the dusky shades of twilight
Softly fall on hill and lea,
And benign and tranquil Nature
Chants her evening melody,
Does the finger of Remembrance
Ever touch the silent strings
Of the harp of by-gone moments,
Round which friendship's ivy clings?

REFRAIN.

Though fate our lives has sundered far,
One question I would ask of thee :
Are still affection's gates ajar,
Say dost thou ever think of me?

When 'mid scenes of joy and pleasure,
Or in sorrow, or in pain,
Thou the changeful path art treading,
Does there yet one thought remain
Of the one thy heart once cherished
As a true and well-tried friend,
And whom days of silent absence
Cannot change e'en to the end?

HYMNS OF DEVOTION.

LAUS DEO.

THOU sleeping earth, arise and sing,
 This holy Christmas morn,
 The praises of thy God and King,
 The world's Redeemer born !
 Praise God, ye fading stars of heaven !
 Praise God, thou orb of day !
 Praise Him, ye sinners all forgiven,
 The night hath passed away !

Ye heathen nations shout and sing !
 The Lord hath seen your woe ;
 Let all the vault of heaven ring !
 Praise God above, below !
 His only Son in Bethlehem,
 There in the manger lies ;
 The promised Branch of Jesse's stem
 Hath heard the sinner's cries.

Praise God, ye breezes far and wide !
 And waft the gladsome note
 To distant lands across the tide !
 Praise God, ye ships afloat !

Wayside Echoes.

Praise God, ye billows of the sea !
Cast high your snowy spray !
He who shall calm wild Galilee,
Is born on earth to day.

Ye royal mountains, crystal-crowned,
In adoration bow !
Ye firmaments that know no bound,
Ring with hosannas now !
Praise God ! Praise God ! each living thing
On earth, in heaven above !
Ye white-robed throngs of Eden sing,
Extol the Father's love.

SAVIOUR, LEAD THE WAY.

My precious Saviour, lead the way
In this dark vale of tears ;
Send through the gloom one heavenly ray
To scatter all my fears ;
For dark and dreary is the night,
While dangers wait around,
And I am struggling for the light
Which but with Thee is found.

My only trust I place in Thee ;
Forsake me not, O Lord ;
Let Thy unchanging love to me
Sweet sympathy afford.
I dare not cross the torrent wild
Without Thy guiding hand ;
My Saviour, help Thy fainting child
To reach the better land.

When naught I see but dark despair
And gloom on every side,
My dear Redeemer, hear my prayer,
Conduct me o'er the tide ;
Forsake me not in troubled hours,
Hide not Thy face from me ;
When bitter grief my soul o'erpowers,
Saviour, I'll look to Thee.

Oh, leave me not to perish here
In the dark wilderness ;
Draw nigh my weary soul to cheer,
Leave me not comfortless.
I cannot journey here alone
Where all must soon decay ;
There's music in Thy loving tone,
Dear Saviour, lead the way.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And with me is in all my woe ;
My helper He doth ever prove,
Till Death's cold hand shall lay me low.
I long for that sweet rest of Heaven
That He will give to every saint,
For in this gloomy vale of woe
The strongest heart grows often faint.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And never will He scorn my prayer ;
He's promised me, if faithful, I
A peaceful home with Him will share.
I long, oh, how I long to go
And tread the streets of Paradise
With Him, who, with the golden fruit,
Will make my hungry soul rejoice.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And naught shall rob me of His aid ;
His Holy Presence I perceive,
His loving arms are round me laid ;
Then let me at His feet recline,
Him serve with meek humility,
Until He take me to His home,
To rest throughout eternity.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
Upon this rock my feet shall stand :
With outstretched arms me to receive,
He holds my crown on yonder strand.
The peaceful eve of life draws near,
And faster flows this life's cold stream,
Already on the shining mount
I see the towers of Heaven gleam.

JESUS' NAME.

JESUS' name, most holy name,
At which the earth and heavens bow,
From out the heart of God it came,
And back to God it points us now ;
With prostrate heart and bended knee,
Let me, in meek humility,
Be with the countless angel host,
In prayerful adoration lost !

Jesus' name, sweet healing balm,
So full of virtue, full of power,
To make the troubled spirit calm,
And soothe in peril's trying hour ;

Without Thee naught but curse and fear
Would be our portion there and here ;
But with Thee we can see afar
The portals of our home ajar.

Jesus' name, enshrine me wholly
And cure my weary sin-sick heart ;
Stream of love, o'erflow me fully,
And cleanse my soul in every part,
That I may meek and lowly prove
As through the rounds of life I move,
So that the world may from my ways
Behold Thy love and give Thee praise.

Jesus' name, the dearest name,
Thou Heavenly Manna, Bread of Life,
Food that from the Father came,
See how I hunger in the strife !
To Thee, Thou dearest name alone,
Bring I myself and all I own,
Do Thou my hungry spirit feed
In all my weary hours of need.

Jesus' name, life-giving spring,
Flow through the desert of my soul ;
Cause flow'rs of joy once more to spring,
Refresh and make me fully whole ;
Thou Fount that never can go dry,
Do Thou my thirsty soul supply,
Revive my fainting heart with power,
And leave me not in Death's dark hour.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Of pain and of strife I am weary,
And gladly would lie down to die,
For the troubles of life and its sorrows
Like waves of the ocean run high.

Oh, is there no rest for the weary?
My aching heart sometimes will ask,
When I think of this world, dark and dreary,
Where life is a burdensome task.

Oh, yes! there is rest for the wand'rer,
A balm for the sore aching heart,
In the sweet realms of Heaven up yonder,
Where afflictions have never a part.

How sweet there to cease from my labors,
While rest and repose soothe the soul!
I long for the joy that's eternal,
And the calm of the long sought for goal.

There shall I be free from temptation,
And the ills which beset me while here,
And join in the praise of the ransomed
That dwell in that heavenly sphere.

Though my flesh to the grave may be given,
To moulder and perish, as clay,
My soul shall rejoice in the raptures
Of Heaven, that pass not away.

BE THOU MY GUIDING LIGHT!

BE Thou my Guiding Light !
In these dark days of gloom,
I see around me close
The awful night of doom ;
My spirit shudders, as with weary wing
It beats the thickening darkness, faltering
In dread despair.

O Father ! hang the lamp
Of Hope outside the gate,
That its bright beams may light
Thy children, wand'ring late ;
For grim abysses of Temptation yawn,
And some will fall therein ere break of dawn.
Oh, give us light !

THE WEARY WANDERER.

OH, wand'rer, art thou weary
Of this thy rugged road ?
And is there none to cheer thee
In this dark world's abode ?
Then lift thine eyes to Jesus,
Thy Sovereign Lord and King,
Whose pleasure 'tis to help thee,
If thou to Him wilt cling.

Despair thou not, nor falter,
Should lowering clouds arise,
The harvest needs the gentle rain
As well as sunny skies ;
The tears thou now art weeping
In sorrow, grief and pain,
Are to thy soul as dew-drops
Unto the ripening grain.

When by thy friends forsaken,
And by thine own despised,
Let not thy faith be shaken—
God's ways are oft disguised.
Then be thou not discouraged
Because the road to tread
Is dark, and thou canst see not
Beyond a step ahead.

'Tis far enough when Jesus
Is there to lead the way ;
If thou but follow closely
Thou canst not go astray ;
For He will never leave thee
Though He His face may hide,
'Tis only for a moment
Till He thy faith hath tried.

Then when oppress'd by sorrow
To all the world unknown,
Lay it upon God's altar,
And kneel before His throne,

Till He shall ease thy spirit
And give thee strength to rise,
For God a benediction
His children ne'er denies.

A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

O God, my Father, hear the cry
That rises from the depths to Thee !
With soothing comfort draw Thou nigh,
With loving arms encompass me,
And let me rest my weary head
Upon Thy bosom, O my God !

O Father, hear for Jesus' sake,
Nor let me perish all unblest !
But let me of Thy love partake,
Give to my weary spirit rest !
I trust Thee, Lord, that in the wild
Thou wilt not, canst not leave Thy child.

So oft to me, when all was night
And darkness like the very tomb,
Thou camest as a shining light
To chase away the dreadful gloom ;
So now, whatever may befall,
I'll trust Thee, Father, through it all.

I do not ask Thee to remove
The cross Thou givest me to bear,
I only ask that in Thy love
Thou strengthen me to bear my share ;
For not unaided dost Thou ask
That I perform so great a task.

Teach me submission to Thy will ;
Give me the simple faith to trust
In Thy great wisdom and be still,—
Thou art a Father, kind and just,
Who wilt not suffer that Thine own
Shall perish pleading at Thy throne.

PARADISE.

LET me leave this earthly place,
Let me view the Saviour's face !
In that holy quietude,
I shall know the magnitude
Of the bliss that shall be mine.

O sweet Light, sweet tender Light !
Making all this dark world bright,
When shall I approach the portal,
When shall I, with saints immortal,
View Thy haloed countenance ?

Paradise ! O Paradise !
Oh, how fair Thy bowers arise !
Ever sweet Thy fruit will be !
'Neath the shadow of Life's tree,
We shall dwell as in a dream.

Oh, how sweet ! Oh, how sweet
Chants the choir in Heaven's retreat !
Every court of Zion raises
Shouts of glory, songs of praises,
To the God of Israel.

LET ME LINGER AT THE CROSS.

LET me linger at the Cross,
On the brow of Calvary,
Where my dying Saviour's glance
Falls with tender love on me.
In this world there is no pity,
Naught to lift from us our care,
But beside the cross of Jesus
Flows a benediction rare.

REFRAIN.

Let me linger, let me linger
At the Cross on Calvary,
Where my Saviour's eyes so tender
Cast a loving glance on me.

Let me linger at the Cross,
View the great Redemption scheme,
Finished by the Prince of Heaven,
Nailed upon the martyr's beam.
Such a fount of deep affection
Issues from His bleeding hands,
For a world long lost in darkness,
Pure the sin-stained sinner stands.

Let me linger at the Cross,
Hold a sweet communion there,
On the tranquil Rock of Ages
Bow my soul in holy prayer.
Oh, who could forbear to love Thee,
Yield to Thee his inmost soul?
Saviour, fold me to Thy bosom,
Henceforth all my life control.

IS IT CAUSE FOR GLADNESS?

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

Is it cause for gladness
To be born as man?
Should my soul to-day
Glory in God's plan,

When such bitter weeping,
So much grief and care,
When so many sighs,
Pain and death, are there?

Yes, for he who humbly
Claims Him as "my Lord,"
Will not thus complain,
But will trust His word.

Yea, if no dear Saviour
Ever came to save,
Then, indeed, might tear-drops
Flood the sinner's grave.

When I see Thy mercy
Streaming from above,
I could weep with Mary
Endless tears of love;

For with tender fingers
Thou didst touch the chords,
Till my heart responded
To Thy loving words.

Thou hast much forgiven
Me, Thy wayward child ;
Mercies heaped upon me,
Sin-stained and defiled.

Many blissful moments,
Lord, with Thee I've had !
Constant source of comfort
When my heart is sad.

Should we not feel thankful,
Then, that we've a chance,
In this world, to serve Him,
Doing His commands ?

If the world could fathom
Jesus and His way,
Surely all would gladly
Turn to Him to-day.

Yet, amid their blessings,
Christians have much care,
But, in every sorrow,
They look up in prayer ;

And their Lord from heaven
Looks on them and smiles,
Strengthening the pilgrims
Through the lonely wilds,

Wayside Echoes.

Till, our journey over,
Jesus takes our hand,
Leads us gently homeward
To our fatherland.

All our struggles ended,
We are with Him then,
Where we swell the chorus
Of the great Amen.

WHAT JESUS DID.

PILGRIM, when thy steps grow weary,
Think what Jesus did ! Think what Jesus did !
Does the world seem dark and dreary ?
Think what Jesus did !
Look to Him in all thy trouble,
There was ne'er a surer guide ;
Only think how Jesus loves thee,
That for thee He bled and died !

REFRAIN.

Wouldst thou wear a crown of Glory?
Think what Jesus did ! Think what Jesus did !
Bear the cross without a murmur,
Just as Jesus did.

When thy heart would break with sorrow,
Think what Jesus did! Think what Jesus did!
He can help you ere to-morrow,
Think what Jesus did!
Do thy tear-drops start unbidden?
Canst thou see no ray of light?
Think of Jesus in the Garden,
How He wept and prayed by night!

Does a load of sin oppress thee?
Think what Jesus did! Think what Jesus did!
Turn to Him and He will bless thee,
Think what Jesus did!
He is able, He is willing,
Only trust Him, weary soul;
Soon He'll end thy day of trial,
And conduct thee to thy goal.

Does thy faith in God seem shaken?
Think what Jesus did! Think what Jesus did!
Dost thou feel of God forsaken,
Think what Jesus did!
He's prepared for us a mansion
In those heavenly realms above,
Where a thousand shining angels,
Chant the chorus, "God is Love."

SUBMISSION.

TEACH me Thy will, most gracious Lord,
And let mine own fore'er be lost !
For meek submission strength afford,
Whate'er to me may be the cost ;
I would but follow Thee alone,
Nor have a will except Thine own.

I consecrate myself anew,
And bow before Thee in the dust ;
Speak, Lord, what Thou would'st have me do,
For follow Thee I will and must.
Thy love hast melted all my soul,
I henceforth yield to Thy control.

No longer do I ask to know
What this world has in store for me ;
I'll go where Thou would'st have me go,
And live and labor but for Thee ;
Give me that faith that ne'er can die,
Though darkest gloom obscure my sky.

I could not understand Thy love,
Nor hold its value half so dear,
Didst Thou, my faithfulness to prove,
Not sometimes with a frown appear.
But while Thy chastening rod I feel,
I know that Thou dost love me still.

When bitter anguish dwells within
The deep recesses of my heart,
I then remember Thou hast been
In seasons past my Only Part;
Till Holy Peace once more pervades
My soul, like dew in evening shades.

The Christian life has many a tear,
But also has it many a joy;
The Peace we feel when God is near
No earthly trial can destroy.
What matters it how rough the road,
If Jesus carry half the load?

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

Oh, for the rest of my heavenly home,
When weary with toil and with care,
Whither naught that can trouble me ever shall come,
How I long—how I long to be there!

REFRAIN.

Oh, for the courts of the beautiful Zion,
Oh, for the bow'rs of my heavenly home;
Resting in peace, never weeping nor sighing,
When shall I reach it, my heavenly home?

Oh, for the joy of the meeting beyond
Of loved ones already at home,
That are waiting to greet me with songs of the Lamb,
When I've ceased in this valley to roam !

Oh, for the sight of the crystalline tow'rs
That shimmer with glory afar !
Will it then matter aught how much sorrow I've known,
When I see Heaven's portals ajar ?

Oh, for the welcome my Father will give !
The home with my Saviour to share !
When in garments of royalty I shall appear,
And a crown on my brow I shall wear.

Oh, when the harmony floating but faint
Across the dark waves to me here,
Shall have swelled to the song of the infinite throng,
Earth's trials shall all disappear.

I'LL GO TO JESUS.

I'LL go to Jesus as I am,
He will not scorn my prayer ;
I'll cast my burden at His feet,
And seek salvation there.

I'll go to Jesus as I am,
Because He is my Friend,
And will not leave me to despair,
But to my wants attend.

I'll go to Jesus as I am
And claim a Brother's love ;
His arm will guide me day and night,
So shall I cease to rove.

I'll go to Jesus as I am,
For He no sinner scorns ;
That I may wear a crown of life,
He wore a crown of thorns.

I'll go to Jesus as I am,
And offer up my plea ;
He'll not despise my sin-stained heart
Since He has died for me.

I come to Jesus as I am,
Thou canst not say me nay ;
Thy priceless love will take me in
And all my fears allay.

I come, dear Jesus, as I am,
Thy blood was shed for me,
I cannot perish, Thou hast died :
Saviour ! I come to Thee.

WAND'RING SINNER, COME TO JESUS!

WAND'RING sinner, come to Jesus !
Who shed His precious blood for thee,
And bore such agonizing tortures
On the Cross of Calvary.
'Twas there He wrought out thy salvation ;
'Twas there from death He ransomed thee ;
Oh, wretched sinner, wilt thou spurn Him
When He's so gently calling thee ?

Wand'ring sinner, come to Jesus !
Turn and taste His precious love !
Why then longer dwell in darkness ?
Look to His bright throne above !
Throw off the heavy chains of Satan,
Put on the armor strong of Faith,
And hasten to thy Saviour's presence ;
Why wilt thou perish—why—in death ?

Wand'ring sinner, come to Jesus !
Despise not thou His bleeding wounds ;
It was for thee and thy redemption
He uttered all those dying groans.
With love so true and so amazing,
He still is calling thee by name ;
Accept Him now for, oh, to-morrow
May be too late to come to Him.

Wand'ring sinner, come to Jesus !
Delay thou not, but follow Him ;
His loving arms are wide extended
To rescue thee from Death and Sin.
When thou art weary, heavy-laden,
Lay all thy sorrows at His feet ;
His wounds afford the safest haven,
His loving arms a sure retreat.

I'LL MURMUR NOT.

Why should I murmur when the Lord
Deems fit to send me pain ?
Have I not sinned a thousand times ?
Is there not many a stain
Upon the record of my life ?
Have I not wayward been ?
Have I not oft preferred to walk
Within the paths of sin ?

REFRAIN.

I'll murmur not when Jesus sends
A cross for me to bear ;
That I may bear it patiently
Shall be my constant prayer.

Why should I murmur when He sends
A cross for me to bear?
★ Did He not bear it first for me?
And ought I to despair?
The burden, that oppressed my Lord,
He bore in love for me.
Oh, yes, I'll bear the cross He sends
With all humility.

Why should I murmur when the Lord
Deprives my soul of all
That I possess upon this earth,
And sicknesses befall?
Should I not kiss His chastening hand
And bless His sovereign will?
Did He not suffer more for me?
Should not my soul be still?

I will not murmur, come what may,
I know His ways are best ;
My hope and trust I'll place in Him
And He will give me rest.
I know He will not let me die,
But will provide a home
For me and all who trust in Him,
Where pain can never come.

STRANGERS HERE.

TRULY we are strangers here
'Mong the many millions thronging
The arena of this sphere,
And our hearts are filled with longing
For the kindred that are waiting
On the border-land of Home,
With a true and joyous greeting,
As they tarry till we come.

REFRAIN.

Yes, we're sad and weary strangers
'Mid the worldly throng alone,
But we're travelling home to Heaven,
Where each one of us is known.

Clouds of grief hang darkly over,
Here we're often pressed with care,
But protecting spirits hover
O'er the soul that's oft in prayer.
All around us safely guiding,
Till we reach the end of Time,
Ever round our path abiding
Till we rest in peace sublime.

Wealth and luxury, and all
That this idle world containeth,
Is a portion far too small
For the pilgrim, who obtaineth

Peace and blessings without measure
In the peaceful bow'rs of Home ;
Naught shall rob him of the treasure,
When his feet have ceased to roam.

EVENING PRAYER.

THE gentle evening shades descend with noiseless wing
And hide the dark'ning landscape from my view ;
Incline Thine ear, O Lord, my heavenly King !
And guard Thy lonely lamb the dark night through.

Let not a fear molest my weary soul, or harm,
As I in sleep my aching eyelids close ;
Protect me with Thy strong almighty arm,
While wrapt in quiet slumber and repose.

Be Thou my constant Friend when other friends depart,
And I am left alone within the wild ;
Then keep me, Lord, Thou searcher of my heart,
And bless Thy weak and weary wand'ring child !

Remember not that I have sinned and grieved Thee sore ;
Let Thy atoning blood remove each stain,
And give me strength that I may sin no more,
But ever near Thy bleeding side remain.

This world is but a dark and gloomy vale of sin
Where toils and trials daily on us wait ;
Had we no helping hand to take us in,
Destruction soon must be our lasting fate.

O gentle Shepherd, hear my earnest, pleading prayer !
Forsake me not, though lonely be the night ;
Let me, O Lord, Thy sweet protection share,
And in the dark be Thou my shining Light.

*DEAREST SAVIOUR, GUIDE ME
ONWARD.*

DEAREST Saviour, guide me onward
Through this world's dark vale of care ;
Be Thou near me, ever near me,
Listen to my earnest prayer.
My desire is but to serve Thee,
Serve Thee with my heart and soul ;
Hear me now, my dear Redeemer,
Cleanse my heart and make it whole.

When I wander as a stranger,
Lonely 'mid the human throng,
Then protect me from all danger,
Lead Thy trembling child along.

When I leave my home and dear ones,
Forth amid the world to roam,
Hear, O Lord, my supplications,
Bless the friends that dwell at home.

Bless me also while I wander,
Lead me in Thy paths of peace,
Till I dwell with Thee o'er yonder
Where fore'er all partings cease.
Draw me to Thy tender bosom—
One sweet word enough for me—
Jesus, hear the prayer I offer
At Thy feet on bended knee.

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED PUPIL.

TENDER little household blossom !
Fair, but far too frail for life,
Jesus took thee to His bosom
Ere thy feet grew tired of strife.
That on earth thou long should stay
Was not thy dear Father's will ;
But in heaven we'll meet again,—
Let us, then, our weeping still !

True it is, we miss thee, darling !
From the fireside and the school,
And our eyes will fill in silence
As thy grave, so still and cool,
Rises up before our vision ;
But upon thy peaceful brow
Mirror'd lay such joy elysian,
That it calms our spirits now.

No! we would not now recall thee
From thy Saviour's loving arms,
If we could—our sainted darling—
Back to this dark world's alarms.

He, thy Teacher, Friend, and Father,
 Needed thee, and called thee home ;
Let us then be still, and rather
 Trust Him till He bids us come !

Let us but in meek submission
 To His love our souls resign ;
Bow beneath His Cross and murmur :
 " Let our wills be lost in Thine !"
This dark veil of our affliction,
 Could we see with God's own eyes,
Would appear a hidden blessing,
 Only draped in mortal guise.

STRATHALLAN, April 10th, 1893.

ON THE DEATH OF J. H. REAZIN.

WHY mourn we for the one who sleeps,
 For him who's gone to rest ?
For him who's reached his journey's end
 And now with God is blest ?
For him whose feet no more grow worn
 Upon this path of thorns ?
For him whose brow, in Paradise,
 The crown of life adorns ?

'Tis true we find the effort hard,
And tears unbidden flow,
When one whose life we prized so much,
Is forced from us to go ;
We ponder o'er the suffering hours,
The weary days of pain,
When watching sadly over him
Our love could not detain.

And when at evening, oftentimes
We see the vacant chair,
A sigh escapes the troubled heart
For him no longer there ;
But human hearts must weep their dead ;
Nor help but sigh and mourn
When God recalls the flower He lent
Our fireside to adorn.

The separation, how severe !
Yet God's own will be done—
Perhaps 'tis better that in youth
His race of life is run.
In meek submission let us bow,
Though tears our eyes bedim,
God called him early from our side
That we might follow him.

And when our earthly life is o'er,
Its trouble and its joy,
We shall, when gath'ring home at last,
Behold our darling boy ;

Oh, sweet will be the meeting there
On heaven's blissful shore,
Where no more parting tears shall fall,
And hearts shall ache no more.

ON THE DEATH OF J. WYLIE.

Yes, he is gone ! His spirit rose
His dear Redeemer to obey ;
Let him repose in his silent bed
Until the Resurrection Day.

Lament we must that earthly aid
Our loving care might not bestow ;
But God is God on western plains
As well as in Ontario.

We weep that 'twas to us denied
To soothe him in his dying hour,
But was not Jesus at his side,
With infinitely greater power ?

Yes, weep we may—our Saviour wept—
Not always can we stay the tide
Of deep emotion, when we lose
A friend or brother from our side ;

When kindred cords are snapped in twain,
To leave a bleeding wound behind ;
But let us hope Eternity
Each severed tie again will bind.

'Tis true we miss the vanished hand,
The vacant chair calls forth a sigh ;
His manly step resounds no more,
We hear no more his voice reply.

But we are not bereft of hope,
Though here on earth we meet no more ;
We know that he will stand prepared
To greet us all on Canaan's shore.

Full many a flow'r is plucked at noon,
And placed upon the festive board ;
So in his prime has he been called
To grace the mansion of the Lord.

We cannot always see our way,
Sometimes the eye of faith grows dim ;
But let us be content to say,
" The loving Lord had need of him."

'Twill not be long ere we shall meet
Where separation is unknown,
When in each other's friendship we
Assemble round the great white throne.

Then rest in peace, dear brother, rest !
Naught can disturb thy quiet calm ;
There is a blessing left for each,
For every wound a healing balm.

REVERIES ON A MOTHER'S DEATH.

WHY bears this weight so heavy on my heart—
This bitter sense of loneliness—to-night ?
I miss the tender voice I used to hear,
'Twas e'er to me a source of true delight ;
My mother's face, slow-faded from my view,
The gentle footfall like there is no other ;
Ah, there is naught along life's rugged path
Can cheer one like the sweet words of a mother.

The home that prospered well beneath thy care,
Ever to me the dearest spot on earth,
No longer holds my heart in tend'rest thrall,
Thy vacant chair beholding by the hearth ;
In vain I try to curb my wandering thought,
And fix my eyes upon the pages near,
Thou, thou dost fill my vision, spite of all,
Till time and space one deep dark blank appear.

Oh, how I long to hear thy voice again,
And see the smile upon thy loving face !
When grief and sorrow oft would weigh thee down
Thou murmuredst not, endowed with heav'nly grace ;
Oft in the hour of dark adversity,
When storms and deep'ning gloom thy life beclouded,
Thy noble soul beamed forth in strength and light,
As stars when blackest shades the heavens have shrouded.

Oft when at night my head would rest in sleep,
And not a thought disturb my calm repose,
Thy hands would be engaged through half the night
In works of love ; and oft thy prayer arose
Like some sweet incense wafted up to Heaven ;
Yea, many a night, on prayer's strong pinions,
When all was hushed, didst thou on bended knee
Bear me to Jesus' feet in sweet communion.

Ah, mother ! ne'er did I till thou wert gone
In fulness realize thy priceless worth ;
Ah, no, that name I comprehended not
Till the sad day thy soul forsook this earth ;
But now I look upon the life thou didst lay down,
And through the anguish which I strive to smother,
Behold a thousand deeds which teach my heart
The value of a kind and loving mother.

Thou wert the first to point my soul to God,
In whom thy trust did ever rest secure :
Through thee, dear mother, can I comprehend
How that His own dear Master's cross endure.
I miss thy tender care, how keen the loss !
Thy death has been to me a deep affliction,
Yet will I murmur not, perchance the Lord
May turn this cross into a benediction.

Not many were thy years on this sad earth,
It pleased the Lord to call His loved one home ;
Nor would our aching hearts recall thee now
Again upon this cheerless earth to roam ;

Thou dost but lead where we may follow thee,
Thou art but gone to meet thine angel child,
Thy deep and bitter anguish mourned so long,
A lily broken by the storm so wild.

Though many burning tears for thee are shed
By those whom thou hast left all motherless ;
By him who mourns thee as his loving wife,
And now pursues his course companionless ;
Though oft we miss thy presence in the evening hour,
And every breast is heaving with emotion ;
Yet hopeless are we not, we'll meet again
In yon bright sphere, the home of true devotion.

Thy toil is o'er and peaceful is thy rest ;
Death's terrors not for thee, thou dost but sleep
Till Jesus calls thee from thy lowly bed,
O'er which the flow'rs and stars their vigil keep.
Long years may pass e'er I shall see thy face,
Yet ever shalt thou be to me a flower
Of sweetest odor, nor shall any hand
Pluck thee from out thy sweet and sacred bower.

Then rest, dear heart, until the morning dawns,
When the Archangel's trump from Pole to Pole
Shall sound, and we appear before the Lamb,
Where bitter partings no more wound the soul.
Yea, rest, dear mother, rest ! while angels guard thy tomb,
Thy soul is safe within the heavenly portal,
And though through tears we say, " Thy will be done,"
We know thou art with Christ in life immortal.

ON THE DEATH OF J. DRYSDALE.*

OH, can it be our son and brother
Will never more to us return ?
Shall we no more behold each other,
Till we have also reached Life's bourne ?

Our happy home is draped in mourning,
And tearful tributes fall apace ;
Our hearts are filled with bitter yearning
To look once more upon his face.

In distant lands he now lies sleeping ;
The waves engulfed our darling boy ;
His is the rest, but ours the weeping,
And into grief is turned our joy.

But let us not be thus despairing !
Shall not the Mighty Judge do right ?
The heavy cross we now are bearing,
When viewed beside the Lord's, grows light.

Without His will "no sparrow falleth."
Shall He His children disregard ?
Though when our friends away He calleth,
To us who mourn the road is hard.

* Drowned in California while launching a vessel.

Yet all of us must, soon or later,
Leave all our load of earthly care
And stand before our Great Creator—
What matters, then, or when or where

We lay aside our heavy armor
To "cross the bar" where Jesus waits?
Each country, whether cold or warmer,
Has one of Heaven's entrance gates.

We cannot tell why this affliction
By God, our Father, has been sent;
It may be that a benediction
His changeless love for us has meant.

The chain that binds our hearts to Heaven,
Grows stronger as the number swells
Of those we love, and who, forgiven,
Have said on earth their last farewell.

Then let us learn to be contented,
For soon we all again shall meet;
When our short pilgrimage is ended,
Our union then will be complete.

THE VACANT SEAT.

I ENTERED school one summer's morn,
Vacation days were o'er ;
My little pupils, right and left,
Smiled greetings at the door.

The school-bell rang, and to their seats
The children hied away,
But glancing round the room, I found
A vacant seat that day.

A dear wee boy had often smiled
At me on morns like this,
But now he'd left this earthly school—
A better school is his.

He toils no more with book and pen,
As do his little friends ;
He's passed beyond the river, where
Vacation never ends.

I placed a sweet flower on my desk—
An *in memoriam* flower ;
For, like dear Melville, it will soon
Come to its dying hour.

I miss the dear child's* pleasant smile
In school and on the street,
But I'm content to know he's filled
In heaven a vacant seat.

* Melville Courtemanche, drowned in Gull River, at Norland, while playing on a raft.